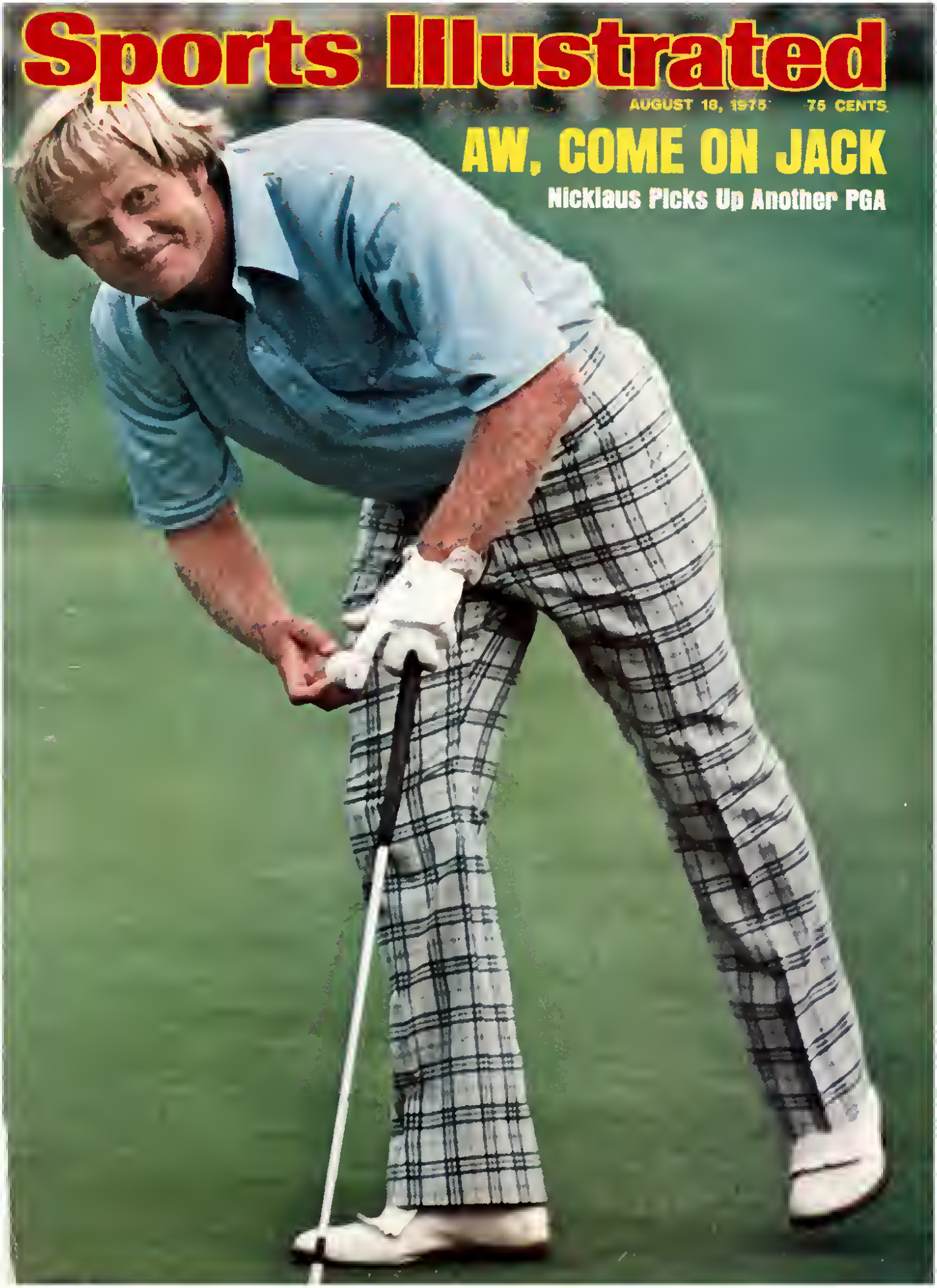
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AUGUST 18, 1975
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AW, COME ON JACK
Nicklaus Picks Up Another PGA

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Competitors

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*'75 EPA Buyers Guide

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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

BEFORE BEING BEANED THE OTHER KRAM TAKES A CLASS-D CUT

"Writing is like painting," says Associate Editor Mark Kram. "I freeze a scene in my head like a stop-action camera, study the colors and try to feel the mood. A story is a series of colorful scenes arranged to lead the reader to whatever it is I aim to say. The more vivid the scene, the better the story."

The inspiration for *Their Lives Are on the Line*, which begins on page 32, is a tableau that has lingered with special vividness in Kram's stop-action camera for almost 20 years. It is May 1956 in Minot, N. Dak. Kram, a struggling 22-year-old second baseman for the visiting Class-D Dickinson (N. Dak.) Packers, steps up. The lights atop the rickety stanchions emit a dim haze; bugs swarm over first base and sheep graze behind the center-field fence. Kram digs in and looks toward the mound. A tall righthander pumps, kicks and releases a smoking fastball. As the ball approaches the plate, Kram sees it only as a white blur zooming toward his head. Something inside screams at him to duck. He freezes.

"The ball must have slipped," says Kram. "Who would intentionally bean a .250 hitter still in D ball in his third year as a pro?" The pitch struck Kram above the left ear and knocked him out. He has a fuzzy memory of an ambulance arriving and taking him to a nearby hospital, where he spent a week recovering.

At Calvert Hall high school in Baltimore, Kram had made second-team All-State in 1953 largely because of his batting. But when he rejoined the Packers he discovered he could no longer hit. "The fear of freezing at bat and getting decked again was overwhelming," he says. He quit the Packers only a week after his return and has used neither bat nor glove since. "I consider that aspect of my life absolutely over," he says. "It is like one person stopped the day I was beaned and another person picked up."

Ever since, Kram has been interested in the phenomenon of fear, particularly its effect on athletes. "I was going to write a larger story on fear in all sports," he says, "but I saw I would never get the material. Athletes don't like to talk about it. Like most of us, they hide their real feelings about it because they equate fear with weakness. So I decided to limit myself to the most fearful thing in sport, the beanball. It can snuff you out real quick."

Kram avoids first-person writing whenever possible, a preference that nearly prevented him from completing the story. "Personal journalism is O.K. if the writer tells a story without giving his life history," he says. "But today it seems that everybody who goes to a supermarket and gets cheated on the bill feels compelled to write boring tomes about it and themselves. It isn't necessary to get hit in the face with a baseball to perceive the danger. After all, Stephen Crane wrote *The Red Badge of Courage* without ever seeing a war."

Jack Meyer

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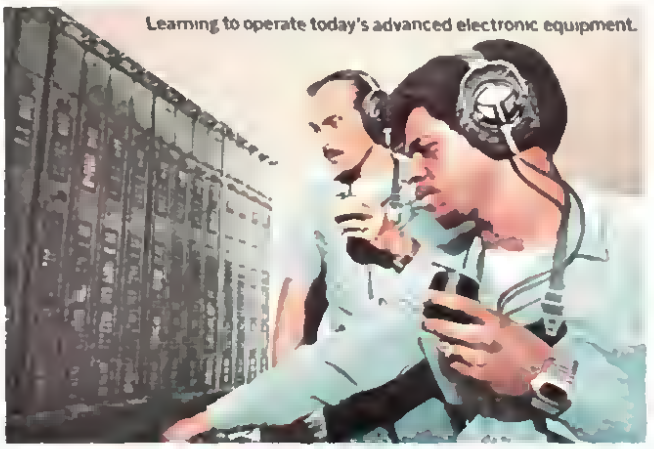

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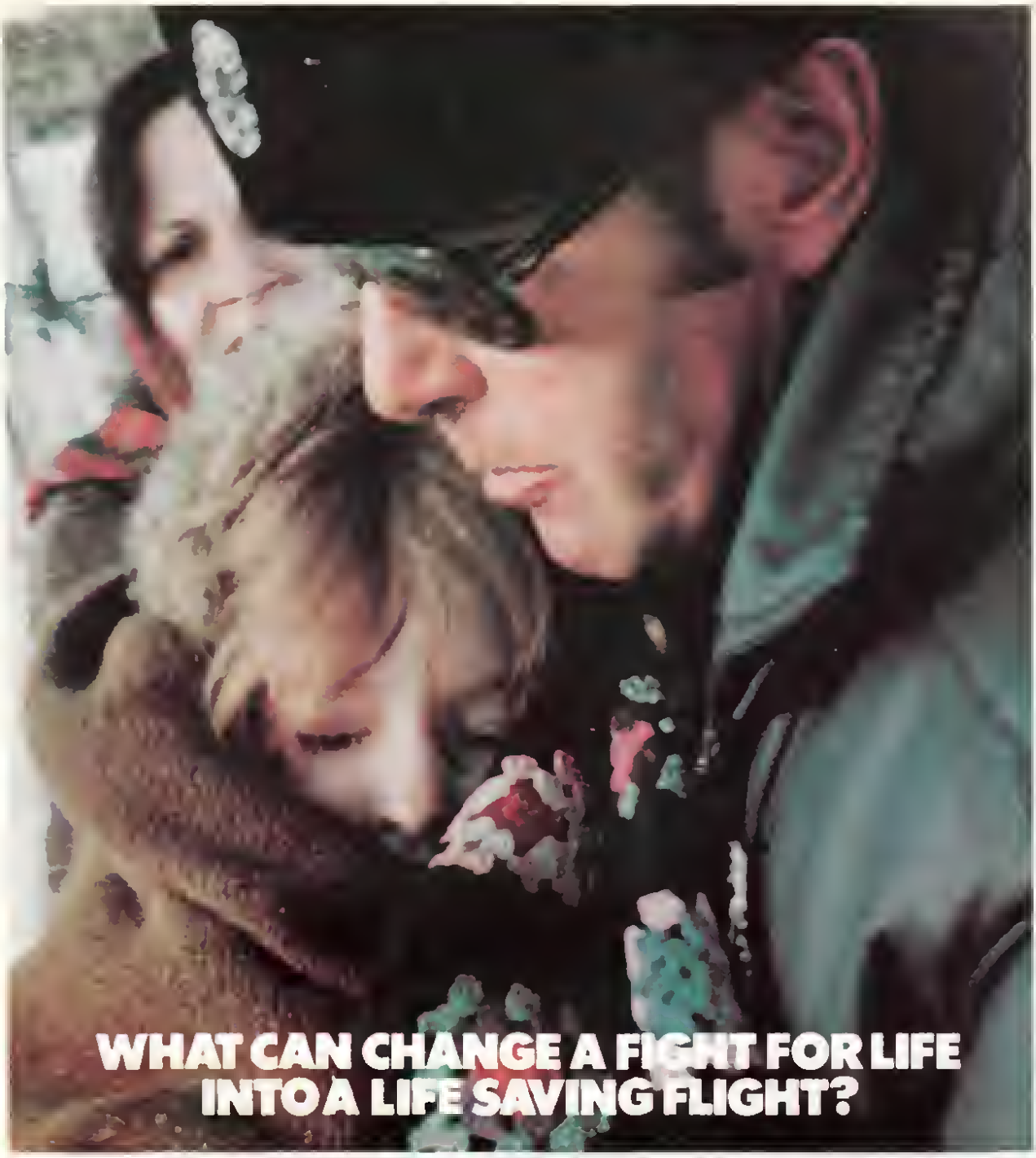

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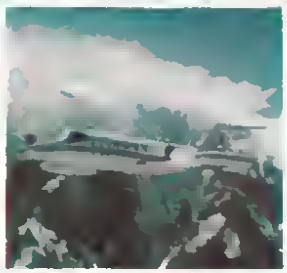

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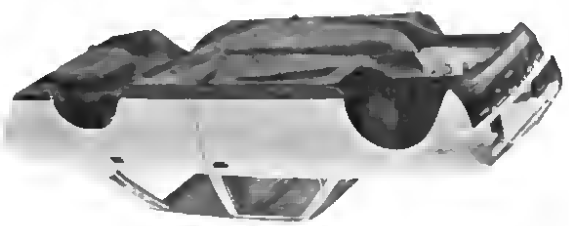

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SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT CREAMER

BATTLE STATIONS

Do you suppose the silence in which tennis traditionally is played could be responsible for the off-court rancor that continually envelops the sport? Sort of a compensation, a countereffect? At any rate, tennis is at it again. The U.S. Open coming up at Forest Hills in a few weeks promised to be all sweetness and light: no defections, no boycotts, no wrangles, just about everybody who is anybody scheduled to be there.

Then it became known that Forest Hills intended to use the 12-point tie breaker in all matches. As Jerry Diamond, executive director of the Women's Tennis Association, pointed out to Billy Talbert, who runs the Open, this year the women have used the 9-point VASSS tie-breaker system. Diamond says WTA found VASSS the most satisfactory system and that it was much the most appealing to the spectator. World Championship Tennis is using the 13-point system, similar to VASSS in that it can go to a sudden-death one-point decision. But the more conservative 12-point tie breaker, in which a player must take two successive points to win, is preferred by the Association of Tennis Professionals, as well as by the weighty International Lawn Tennis Federation. And the ILTF more or less ordered Forest Hills to use the 12-pointer.

Diamond politely wrote Talbert, "I do hope that if your decision as to the tie breaker to be used is still open, the VASSS system will be utilized for the women's matches." But voluble Jimmy Van Alen, who devised VASSS and incessantly promotes it, was more outspoken. Van Alen declared that there was no logical reason why the women should not have VASSS at Forest Hills even if the men stayed with the 12-pointer. Confusing his genders somewhat he crowed that if the men played the 12-pointer while the women used the more daring VASSS, "the confrontation would divide the men from the boys in short order. The ATPers would look like a bunch of scared chickens in comparison to the WTAers." He said that instead of raising the standard red flag to signal that a match had entered the sudden-death stage, the men should use a yellow flag. With a chicken on it.

Tension, anyone?

IRONY MINE

In commenting on the spate of managerial firings in major league baseball this summer, William Barry Furlong of *The Washington Post* noted that there was a certain degree of irony in Billy Martin ending up with the plum (manager of the New York Yankees) after being canned by the Texas Rangers. But, Furlong observed, baseball has always been rich in such irony. For example, the Pittsburgh Pirates dismissed Larry Shepard near the end of the 1969 season, in which the Pirates won 88 games. A year later, under Danny Murtaugh, the Pirates won 89 games (and the division championship) and Murtaugh was named Manager of the Year. In 1973 Pittsburgh fired Bill Virdon late in the season because the Pirates were in second place. In 1974 Virdon, then running the Yankees, brought his new club home second and *he* was named Manager of the Year.

It took heavy-handed George Steinbrenner, the somewhat suspended owner of the Yankees, to provide the topper. A couple of days after his Yankees bounced Virdon, the New York Mets abruptly dropped Yogi Berra. Steinbrenner, talking to some sportswriters, said, "Wasn't it a damn shame about Yogi getting fired like that?"

BELOW-PAR SMUGGLING

The Royal Canadian Mounted Police, who always get their man, are now getting him on golf courses. Teams of Mounties descended upon a dozen clubs in and around Montreal recently and seized $80,000 worth of bags, clubs and balls that had been made in the U.S. and sold to Canadians who carried the stuff home—where such items are much more expensive—without bothering about customs.

After the owners of the contraband signed documents declaring that the seizure had taken place and agreed that the golf equipment would not be removed from club property, the Mounties released everything to the technical custody of club professionals. Duties and penalties could double the original cost of the U.S. purchases, but Inspector Paul Thivierge of the Mounties indicated that the bite might not be that severe. The point of the raids, apparently, was to remind Canadians that they better remember to whip out their pitching wedges and gooseneck putters at customs as they stream north with bargains.

SEX AND THE SINGLE MONSTER

The hunt for the Loch Ness monster goes on, perhaps now to become an X-rated attraction. Members of a fire station at Hemel Hempstead, Hertfordshire, England decided to try raw sex as a lure to catch the beastie. They built a female monster siren of wood and papier-mâché, with enormous eyelashes, pink lips, red eyes, smoke-snorting nostrils and a truly grotesque mating call—a tape recording of a love-starved bull walrus. The

sex machine was floated across the lake on six 40-gallon oil drums with two intrepid firemen inside operating the controls. The firemen had a safety hatch handy to escape a fate worse than death

continued

in the event Nessie appeared, eyes gleaming. But, alas, no Nessie, and the contraption was raffled off to raise funds for the firemen's benevolent fund.

MISTAKEN IDENTITY

The Houston Astros were waiting in the Houston airport recently when a young woman asked them, "Excuse me, are you part of some kind of group or something?" Tommy Helms quickly replied, "Yes, ma'am, we're all caddies on the golf tour." The woman nodded and left. Five minutes later she returned and said, "You are not caddies, you're putting me on." The Astros laughed, and Helms confessed. "Yes, I was kidding," he said. "We're all really Houston Astros." The woman smiled and nodded. "I understand. If I were in your place, I wouldn't tell anyone, either."

RAWLDEENS?

In 1970, Charles S. Feeney's first season as president of the National League, Pitcher Juan Marichal swore he could feel a difference between baseballs bearing Feeney's signature and those signed by outgoing President Warren C. Giles. That's how players are. The slightest change in a baseball, real or imaginary, becomes the cause of wild pitches, home runs, batting slumps. Imagine, then, the avalanche of complaints we'll be hearing beginning in 1977, when for the first time in 101 years the name Spalding will not appear on a major league ball.

Last week, Feeney and American League President Lee MacPhail signed 10-year contracts with Rawlings Sporting Goods Co., which will supplant Spalding as the exclusive supplier of baseballs to the majors. Anticipating criticism, Feeney, MacPhail and Rawlings assured the 24 big-league clubs that the switch was made with "quality as the No. 1 criterion." Sharing that No. 1 spot was money: for the last few years Spalding and professional baseball have haggled long and hard over costs and, considering a well-kept secret the Rawlings people divulged last week, it is no wonder.

For despite the new name, the Rawlings baseball is no stranger to the majors, and in recent years Spalding has functioned as something of a middleman. From 1968 to 1970 Rawlings supplied Spalding with 70,000 dozen blank baseballs, which the latter stamped with its own trademark and distributed. In 1971 and 1972 Rawlings even stamped "Spalding" on the balls before handing them over. Finally, in 1973, when cowhide replaced the traditional but increasingly scarce horsehide in the manufacture of baseballs, Rawlings decided to let Spalding fend for itself. That didn't work out too well, either for Spalding or the majors. Now Rawlings is back, out of the closet, stamping its own name on cowhide balls headed for the majors.

Of course, it's only a matter of time until the first pitcher mutters that he can't get a proper grip on the new balls, the first fielder complains that they take funny bounces and the first batter says they don't sound right when you hit them.

TREASURE THROVE

In a generous action a Scottish farmer has given 5,000 salmon fry to the Thames Water Authority. The fish were for the River Eye, a tributary of the Thames, at Stow-on-the-Wold in Gloucestershire. They were flown from Inverness to London in plastic bags, and authorities were confident the Thames is now clean enough to support them. It is hoped that they will thrive in the River Eye, then in from two to five years move downriver to the sea and begin again the cycle of returning up the Thames each year to lay their eggs. It has been 140 years since salmon throve in the Thames.

FAT CHANCE

When the Seattle SuperSonics' 6′9″ Forward John Hummer came out of a cast after an operation last winter, he felt tired and sluggish. He weighed 237 pounds, his heaviest ever, and could barely cope with the rigors of pro basketball. So Hummer put himself on what he now calls a "capricious" diet, including an occasional cream pie, and tried to run himself back into shape. Results were dismal until he consulted Dr. Nathan Smith, a nutrition expert at the University of Washington. Smith, using calipers to measure various parts of Hummer's body, startled the player by informing him that he was carrying more than 40 pounds of fat—fully 18% of his body weight.

Smith told Hummer to eliminate most dairy products and all animal fat from his diet, but he could have as much fish, lean poultry, fruit, salad, vegetables and spaghetti as he wanted. Spaghetti? Sure, said Dr. Smith, since it provides carbohydrates that an athlete can use up rapidly. In one month Hummer's weight dropped to 210. Now, by exercising strenuously, he is building muscle to bring himself back up to 225. "Not much less than before," he says, "but the difference is I'll only be 8% fat." Which means, despite a net loss of 12 pounds, 22 pounds of John Hummer fat are looking for another job.

THE PRICE OF FISH

Jim Murray, the *Los Angeles Times* columnist, unearthed the findings of Wayne Reynolds, an economics major entering the Wharton School, who wrote a thesis suggesting that Catfish Hunter was a liability at the box office for Oakland last year. Games Catfish pitched drew an average of 1,300 fewer fans than those pitched by others on the A's staff. Reynolds figured this fall-off cost Charlie Finley a mess of gate receipts, perhaps $80,000. (On the road, where the A's drew twice as well as they did at home, Hunter averaged 2,000 more spectators per game than the other staffers.)

On the chance that, for some reason, star pitchers do not draw well, Reynolds checked Sandy Koufax' record in 1966, his last year with the Dodgers. Koufax drew sensationally that season, increasing home-game revenues by hundreds of thousands of dollars. Sandy obviously was a bargain at $130,000 a year, then the highest salary in the majors, but is the $3.75-million Catfish earning his keep with the Yankees? Reynolds' figures, based on the first weeks of the season, said Hunter was still a drag on the attendance market, but by midsummer the Catfish was dragging them in, pulling an extra 8,000 fans to his games.

Still, the A's don't seem to miss him, either on the field or at the gate, where their attendance is some 150,000 ahead of last year.

THEY SAID IT

- Mickey Mantle, on his new job with a Dallas firm: "I'm vice-president in charge of special marketing. That means I play golf and go to cocktail parties. I'm pretty good at my job."
- Alan Eagleson, Bobby Orr's agent, on the bidding for Orr's future services: "The Bruins can be competitive with the Minnesota offer. All they have to do is pay Bobby a quarter of a million dollars a year for the rest of his life."
- Rocky Graziano, after making his singing debut in a New York City nightclub: "The singin's easy. Memorizin' the words is hard."

Of all filter kings tested:

Carlton is lowest.

Look at the latest U.S. Government figures for other brands that call themselves low in tar.

	tar, mg/cig	nicotine, mg/cig
Brand D (Filter)	15	1.0
Brand R (Filter)	14	0.9
Brand K (Menthol)	13	0.8
Brand D (Menthol)	13	0.9
Brand M (Filter)	12	0.8
Brand T (Menthol)	12	0.7
Brand V (Filter)	12	0.8
Brand V (Menthol)	11	0.8
Brand T (Filter)	11	0.6
Carlton Filter	**4**	**0.3**
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Carlton 70's (lowest of all brands)—
2 mg. "tar", 0.2 mg nicotine

Warning. The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Filter and Menthol: 4 mg "tar", 0.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report April '75.

Sports Illustrated
AUGUST 18, 1975

SWINGING ON A STAR

It takes a telescope to spot Jack Nicklaus, whose fourth PGA win and 16th major title put him light years above mere earthlings **by DAN JENKINS**

He is a known Communist. He kidnapped the Lindbergh baby. He attacked Pearl Harbor. He peddles dope and he—what? Oh, sorry. We were all just sitting around out here in Akron trying to think up something new to say about Jack Nicklaus.

It is getting rather difficult, for last week Nicklaus did that thing again. He won another major golf championship, which is like saying the sun always sets in the West. This time it was the National PGA at the Firestone Country Club. The PGA is a tournament Jack tends to win a lot, and Firestone has contributed its part to keeping him solvent over the years, thank you.

This PGA has already been billed as Sweet Sixteen, which means that it is Nicklaus' 16th major title, and, quickly now, before everyone nods off, let's total them up one more time for posterity. It's four PGAs, five Masters, three U.S. Opens, two British Opens and those two U.S. Amateurs he won way back before he started amassing *twice* as many majors as Arnold Palmer or any of his contemporaries.

The final round of this PGA had a chance to be suspenseful only if Nicklaus played poorly. On Saturday he had taken command with a 67. He had a four-stroke lead over Bruce Crampton, and the only other competitors with a chance were Hale Irwin and Tom Weiskopf, but they each needed to shoot so low they were out bets. Everything really hinged on Jack's occasional flair for getting lazy, or going daft, as he had in June at the U.S. Open at Medinah.

For about 30 minutes on Sunday it looked as if Jack might accommodate everyone. He drove poorly and bogeyed the 1st hole. He salvaged a birdie at the easy 2nd only by dropping a 12-foot putt. He found himself forced to use his trusty pitching wedge at the 3rd and almost hit it in the water, taking another bogey. Thus, he was one over par and sliding backward as his pursuers licked their chops.

But Nicklaus brought an immediate halt to his slide as he began to play very solid golf. When he ran off a streteh of pars, it became evident that only some birdie shooting on the part of Crampton and the others would provide a dramatic ending. Nothing like this occurred. In fact, it was Jack himself who rapped in the birdies, at the 11th and 15th holes, so he could finish with a laugher of a double bogey on the final hole and still beat Crampton by two strokes.

In winning for the sixth time at Firestone (he has taken the World Series there four times and the American Golf Classic once) and in adding $45,000 to the near-$330,000 he had won in Akron previously, thus bringing him up to second place behind Raymond Firestone in local earnings, Jack calmly and not so calmly shot rounds of 70, 68, 67 and 71 for a total of 276. The most fascinating statistic involved poor Crampton, who finished second in a major championship for the fourth time in his career, and each time Nicklaus was the winner.

Much will be said about how close Nicklaus came to the Grand Slam in 1975. He won the Masters and the PGA, and he lost the U.S. and British Opens by a total of only three strokes, but maybe it can be argued that he did not actually come so close. His play at Medinah was deplorable all the way, and he was never emotionally involved in the championship. The fact that the field backed up far enough to give him a chance to win on the last day caught him by surprise, and perhaps this is why he couldn't deliver the shots he needed when the opportunity presented itself. In Jack's mind he had already lost the tournament. To a lesser degree the same thing happened at Carnoustie.

The mere suggestion annoys him, but it may well be true that Jack's indifferent performances at Medinah and Carnoustie can be traced to some of the difficulties he has had in getting his new Columbus golf course and real-estate development and next year's tournament on a smooth path and getting much of his high finance under firmer control. Earlier in the year he put golf ahead of business to remind Johnny Miller who the boss was. When he returned to business, his golf suffered. Well, it sagged, shall we say.

But that is one of the amazing things

continued

Sending up a shower of sand, Nicklaus uses his muscle to explode from an imbedded lie.

Early heroes included the breezy Ed Dougherty, a former baseball pitcher; Mark Hayes, first-round leader; and Bob Wynn, who went 69-69-pffft.

A STAR *continued*

about him. Just let him hear it whispered that he's 35, after all, and he can't go on making those shots and those putts forever, and look how he kind of fell apart at Medinah and Carnoustie—and then here comes Nicklaus again.

He could have been had last Sunday, but he wasn't. The putts simply refused to drop for Weiskopf or Crampton, and the shots Jack needed were right there when he had to have them. Who else can win with a double bogey on 18?

Crampton said it pretty well. "We all suffer from human deficiencies. Jack just suffers from fewer of them. He wouldn't have made a six at the last hole, if he had needed something better."

Jack was asked if that were true. "I wouldn't have," he said, winking.

The Firestone course, for all of the drama it has been host to, has never been regarded by the players as one which deserves to rank among the country's most cherished or intriguing layouts. The reason is that it is so relentlessly dull. More drivers and spoons have been worn out on Firestone than on any other tournament course in the U.S. The two par 5s are sort of O.K. There is one you can reach and one you can't. But the par 4s and the par 3s, one after the other, seem to be the same hole. Long and longer.

This was a course that Robert Trent Jones redesigned, and every time the players sit around and try to name their favorite hole, someone will say, "I guess I like the 12th. It's the only one Trent didn't change." Accurate or not, it is meant to be a joke. Golfers like to joke about Trent Jones the way they like to joke about incurable disease. Actually, Firestone has a very exciting and certainly more scenic course right across the street, Firestone North. It has no fewer than 10 water holes, a number of devilish options. Trent Jones designed this one, too, and it happens to be one of his very best. And the only reason the Firestone people, who have given so much to golf and who happen to know how to run a tournament about as well as anybody, have never staged the American Golf Classic or World Series of Golf—or even a National PGA—on Firestone North is that they are sentimental about the older premises.

Last week the evidence was that they had made the right decision in using the same old course. It produced a unique PGA, one that drew some thrilling golf from the bigger names, one that produced the usual unsung heroes and one that even had some record scoring.

The first round got off to the kind of start that so many major championships do. A Mark Hayes led with a 67, a Bob Benson had a 68 and a Bob Wynn had a 69, as did an Ed Dougherty. These were the more unfamiliar of the names that hovered under or around Firestone's par of 70. Surprisingly enough, it was Dougherty's name that would linger the longest among the elite who took over control of the tournament. After three rounds Dougherty was still among the leaders, and played in the Sunday threesome with Nicklaus and Irwin. And by then the golfing community had learned considerable about him. He had become, in a sense, the comic relief of the week.

Dougherty, it turned out, is a 27-year-old rookie who has been playing the game for only six years. He had got into the PGA by finishing 12th in the club pro's championship. He had made the cut in only four tournaments. He has not been through the PGA's qualifying school, and he had become a Class A player only through his labors in the golf shop. He is one of those Monday qualifiers.

When he first wandered into the press tent at Firestone with his mustache, shaggy hair and grin, however, he became a charmer because of his honesty and wide-eyed wit. Someone asked if he had ever been on a leader board before, and he said, "Yeah, at Westchester I made four birdies in a row, but then I started going bad, so while one guy was still putting up the Y, another guy was taking down the D."

Once, he said, he'd had a sponsor who loaned him $2,500, but the guy was caddying for him, and they started arguing about club selections. "It's my shot," Dougherty would say. "It's my money," the guy would reply. Dougherty fired him.

The biggest thrill of Dougherty's week, aside from the way he played, was being introduced to ABC-TV's effusive Jim McKay. McKay stuck out his hand to congratulate the unknown after his 69, and Dougherty lit up.

"My God," Dougherty said, "You're . . . you're the thrill of victory and the agony of defeat . . . I've watched you all my life."

The first two days of the tournament were blessed with glorious weather, and this no doubt had something to do with the shocking scores that came flooding in. It appeared on Friday that between them Bruce Crampton and Hale Irwin would fire a low ball of 19.

First, Irwin came along with a 65, highlighted by a hole in one on the 12th. The ball was struck with a five-iron, for the record, and it took only one hop before disappearing into the cup. "It wasn't a fluke," Irwin said. "It was a hell of a good shot. It felt good, it looked good all the way and it went in."

Not long after, Crampton came along with a record 63, a round of good playing as well as good putting. He even had a bogey and missed a couple of short birdie putts, but still he shot seven under at Firestone. The round had given him a three-stroke lead in the tournament, but then came Saturday, which changed everything.

In the span of the first seven holes on that third round the championship had a new leader, because Nicklaus was making birdies and Crampton was making bogeys. Crampton had said he wouldn't be noticing Nicklaus on Saturday; he would only be trying to whip "that fellow named p-a-r." Well, the guy named p-a-r flattened Crampton with a 75 while Nicklaus was firing a 67 and taking a four-stroke lead, or what seemed to be a stranglehold on his 16th major title. Nicklaus bogeyed the last hole by three-putting or he would have had an even bigger lead, but then Jack couldn't very well complain after getting away with murder, armed robbery and kidnapping on Firestone's 16th hole.

What Nicklaus did on that long par-five hole was to turn a 20 into a remarkable five, and indeed it was the single hole that won him the championship. Jack played the 16th, or half of it at least, as wretchedly as he is capable of playing. On Firestone's 16th you can drive anywhere to the right and be safe. You can even hit it six fairways to the right and still be safe. Jack, naturally, drove to the left, up, down and over some trees and into a ravine even Firestone didn't know existed. Penalty. Shooting three and he is still 7,000 yards from the green.

In order to get any kind of shot whatsoever he walked about 50 yards behind the hazard to drop the ball. Whereupon he hit something that soared as far to the right as he had driven to the left. Now, playing four, he was almost directly behind a huge tree. His only hope was to hit the world's highest and longest nine-iron toward the green, and pray that it cleared the tree. It did, with inches to spare. He had reached the green in four, but he still was 30 feet from the pin, and in a place where half of the population of the United States has three-putted. Nicklaus, of course, made the putt for his par.

Crampton's record brought a smile. Briefly.

It is safe to say that from where Nicklaus was on Saturday with that tee shot on the 16th, no other golfer who ever lived could have rescued a par five—and the tournament. But of course Jack hasn't been a mortal for several years now. **END**

MEANWHILE, MILLER'S TALE OF WOE

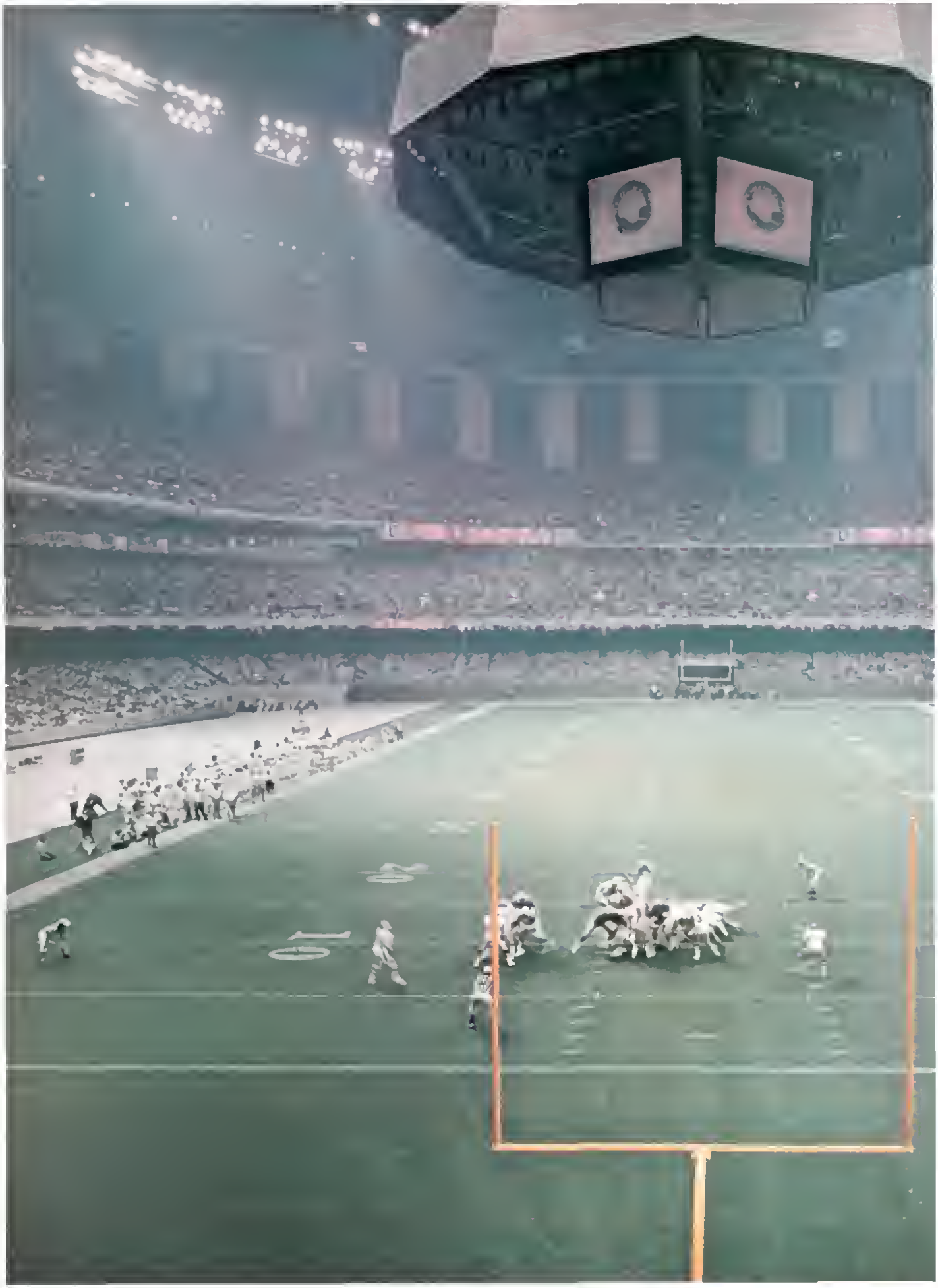
It is unusual for a superstar to miss the cut; when one of them does, he tends to bail out of town by the quickest route possible. But when Johnny Miller followed his opening-round 78 at Firestone with a 74 and got the ax, he went no further than his Akron motel. The next day he was back at the course hitting practice shots.

After winning three of this year's first five tournaments, he finished second at the Masters and third in the British Open. But Miller's only major championship was the 1973 U.S. Open. "The PGA is a big tournament to me, but even though I'd like to win it I'm never really up for it," said Miller on his way to church Sunday morning. "Every summer I go through the same kind of dry spell. Last year I played very, very badly from the Tournament of Champions in April to this same point. I didn't win a dime. But then I won Westchester, the World Open and the Kaiser, kind of a fast finish. I think that next summer I'll take a full month off. Instead of just going through the motions in the hot summer days, hacking around and letting it pull me down psychologically, I'll go home and relax."

Johnny Miller is not a brooder. On Saturday morning he rose at 5:30 and took his 5-year-old son John fishing. Then he lunched in the Firestone grill and, after the last threesome had gone off, he and his caddie, Andy Martinez, went to the practice tee where Miller hit three buckets of balls, more than he ordinarily hits in a month.

The problem he was working on began in April at Augusta National, a course that rewards the golfer who can draw the ball. Miller began hitting a hook there instead of his normal slight fade, and the new swing worked so well that, he says, "I never got around to changing back. It got so I couldn't quite remember what my old swing was like."

By late Saturday afternoon Miller had found it. "I'm glad in a way I've played so poorly the last two weeks. It was what I needed. I've made the change that was necessary and now it's just a case of grooving it. Now I almost can't wait to see how it works next week at Hartford." —Sarah Pileggi



GETTING HIGH OVER MARDI GRASS

In 1965, when it was built at the staggering cost of $31.6 million, the Houston Astrodome was called the Eighth Wonder of the World. Maybe it was—a place where 50,000 people could watch football and baseball played indoors, of all things. But last Saturday night New Orleans opened the gates to its Superdome, and among the early arrivals in the capacity crowd of 72,434 was Coach Bum Phillips, whose Houston Oilers were to play the host Saints on the AstroTurf surface the locals are calling Mardi Grass. "I don't know what they paid for this thing," Phillips said, looking around, "but it just might be worth it."

What they paid was $163 million—and it isn't finished. Just before gametime an electric saw was buzzing, cutting temporary panels for some of the 32 escalators that were to carry fans to the loge and terrace levels—when they were working. The level is so high that one nun, forced to make the climb without mechanical assistance, said when she caught her breath, "Up here I certainly feel closer to God." Said another fan, "It's like watching a game from the Goodyear blimp."

It was also a bit like discovering that Helen of Troy had cavities. For example, it took so long to transport food to the upper reaches some of the hot dogs were cold (they also ran out before the fourth quarter), the lighting system needed adjusting, the pictures on the six huge TV screens were murky, the Oilers' Billy Johnson returned the opening kickoff 76 yards and the Saints went marching out, 13–7 losers.

But the crowd's enthusiasm was undampened. One couldn't quite make the same claim for New Orleans Mayor Moon Landrieu, who sat in a loge under the luxurious suites that rent for $19,000 a year—not counting the price of tickets. A toilet above him overflowed, sending a stream through a crack onto the mayor.

"What's this?" cried Landrieu, in alarm.

Obviously, Mr. Mayor, it's the wave of the future.

—PETER FINNEY

PHOTOGRAPH BY JOHN D. HANLON

'JUST A LITTLE COUNTRY HIT'

That's what Rod Laver called the tournament in North Conway, N.H., and with Jimmy Connors doing a star turn, it was smash summer theater

by **CURRY KIRKPATRICK**

Connors polished off the Australian Antique Show, Laver and Rosewall, en route to the title.

From the same hardy New England folks who gave us maple syrup, granite and the empty Senate seat came a nifty little tennis tournament that should be painted in watercolor and preserved on a postcard.

Rod Laver called it "just a little country hit." Ken Rosewall commuted to it in a twin-engine airplane. And Jimmy Connors and Ilie Nastase shared a condominium cabin in the woods while growing mustaches and dazzling the neighborhood laundromat.

Called the Volvo International and played at the brand-new Mount Cranmore Tennis and Recreation Club, which is nestled in the breathtaking hills of New Hampshire, it is just another stop on the Commercial Union Grand Prix summer circuit. But last week, as one weaved through the scores of Swedish sponsor cars honking along the quaint streets of North Conway, it became obvious that the Volvo International was something very special.

The town is a bit of Gstaad and Kitzbuhel and Hansel and Gretel all rolled into one. The site was a just-completed 8,200-seat stadium bulldozed out of the south slope of Mount Cranmore, whose bleacher seats had no sooner been hammered in the day before the tournament than hang-gliders and turf skiers and freshly planted gardens and six ducks in a pond appeared over the horizon. The world's only sit-down tramway skimobile was a few yards away from courtside, and the players relaxed in the shade of a skiers' first-aid station.

The whole unique scene, in fact, threatened to overshadow what was happening on the slow European-style red clay courts. Until the weekend. Then the rain stopped, the sun came out and a dream of a draw produced a set of bloodcurdling rematches the likes of which network television honchos and multimillionaire Las Vegas entrepreneurs would have given their safari jackets for.

These turned out to be Connors vs. Laver in a summer rerun of that old TV game-show favorite Greed and Loathing at the Challenge Match, and Rosewall vs. Nastase in another installment of the April Battle of Tucson, in which the Rumanian pulled off perhaps his finest heist in a lifetime of unsportsmanlike artistry.

When Connors and Rosewall emerged from this state of affairs—Connors winning 6–4, 6–4, Rosewall surviving every form of trickery and weaponry from Nastase short of a machine gun to win 7–5, 1–6, 7–6—North Conway had itself a replay of the 1974 Wimbledon and Forest Hills finals.

The supposition was that the mucky pudding of a surface would enhance the sly chipping artistry of Rosewall and enable him to avenge those debacles in which he won but eight games in six sets against Connors. But on Sunday Connors proved he was a Red Dirt Cowboy on the slow stuff as well as Captain Fantastic on grass. He never let Rosewall up, and won 6–2, 6–2.

The first set was easy, and the second set even easier as Connors gave up only one point in four service games. That one came in the last game and saved Rosewall a match point, but on the next rally he flipped a backhand into the net and the slaughter was over.

Connors' youth still is a major factor in his confrontations with representatives of the Australian Antique Show. At 22 he is 18 years younger than Rosewall, and

after his semifinal victory over an obviously off-form Laver, both men dwelt on the miseries of age.

"You may get old one day, and find out what it's like," said Laver, who had hoped to celebrate his 37th birthday that very afternoon with a victory party.

"I already have," said Connors. "The teen-agers keep coming after me."

Even with all the hoopla of the semis and finals, one could not overlook a youngster of whom Connors might have been speaking, 19-year-old Victor Pecci, the Big P from Paraguay. A 6′ 3″ sloe-eyed unknown from Asunción, Pecci (say Petch-ee) knocked out all the señoritas in town and came this close to knocking out the glamour rematches before finally losing a 7–6, 2–6, 6–4 thriller to Connors in the quarterfinals. Serving from somewhere far above Mount Cranmore ("He's way up there, higher than anybody I've ever played," said Connors) and patiently cutting Jimbo up with sliced backhands and delicate drops, Pecci led Connors 5–2 in games, then 4–1 in the first-set tie break before losing it. After absolutely dominating Connors in the second set, Pecci got ahead a break in the third before finally realizing whom he was playing.

"He's in a different altitude than me," said Connors afterward. "I never should have won."

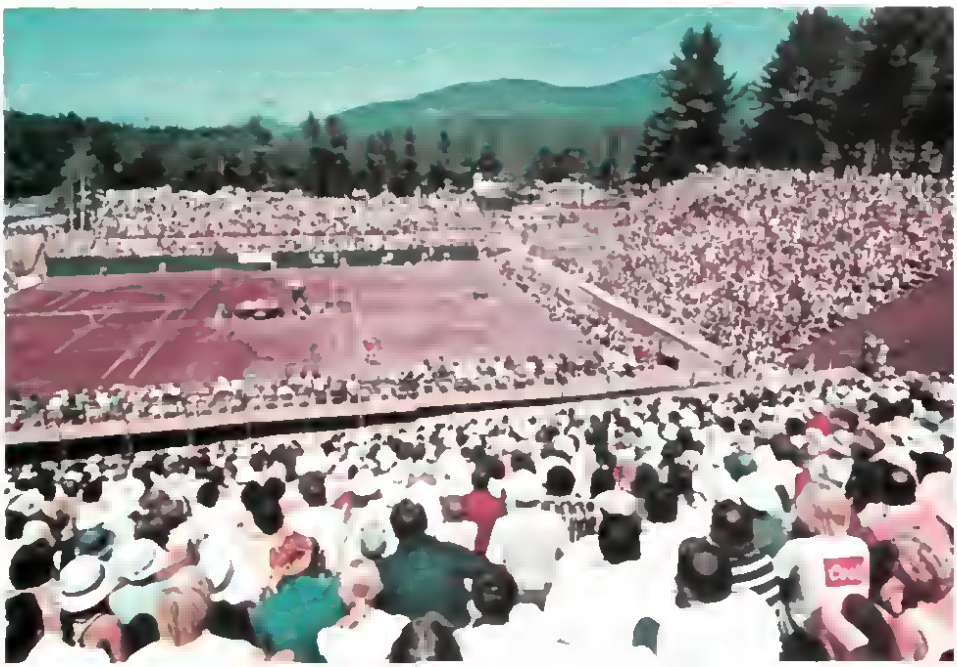
Pecci was elated despite the defeat. In his honor the huge multicolored hang-glider kites that kept dive-bombing the nearby hills were dubbed "Air Paraguay."

That is the type of tournament the Volvo International has become. It started in 1970 when Laver began his ultra-successful tennis camp at the old Mount Washington Hotel in Bretton Woods which, as they say, is up the road a piece. He staged a four-man event that year, and in 1972 Bretton Woods became famous for something other than a monetary conference when the WCT pros played there because they were banned from Wimbledon.

The next year, Volvo signed on as co-sponsor, the prize money jumped to $25,000 and everybody got terrific PR mileage when a then little-known Indian, Vijay Amritraj, withstood eight match points in three different matches (including victories over Laver and Connors) to take the title.

While Laver, currently regarded as

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TONY TRIOLO



Scratched into the base of Mount Cranmore, the stadium gave 8,200 fans a place in the sun

New Hampshire's "home pro," won the Volvo last year, the Mount Washington Development Company, owners of the hotel, continued to ose money. Obviously a new site was needed to go along with the status of a now-$100,000 event, and several cities came begging, including Indianapolis, whose traditional National Clay Court title went head-to-head against the Volvo last week.

At the same time it don't rain in Indianapolis in the summertime, it don't snow in New Hampshire. The whole state moved in to save its little gem, and North Conway got it. More precisely, the Mount Washington Valley Chamber of Commerce in the person of David Ingemie got it.

While Governor Meldrim Thomson sent invitations to all the top pros Ingemie recruited volunteers to do everything from mixing the Volvo Volley (vodka, grapefruit juice and grenadine), to hanging geraniums attached to crossed tennis rackets from every telephone pole on Main Street. This charming touch was in keeping with a town whose enterprises include The Singing Scissors Sewing Center, Mr. Butcher and L'il Banana (a fruit stand).

Not to be outdone, Brothers II and Barnaby's, a pair of spirits establishments, brought in The Great Pretenders, masters of the ingenious craft of rock 'n' roll lip synching, and The Star Spangled Washboard Band, who wore clown masks and juggled tangerines.

"I just love this tournament," said Erik van Dillen one night at a lawn party outside the rambling white frame Eastern Slope Inn, which has an elevator with an iron gate. "It's so different from our every-week place."

And the town loved the players. Laver is a local boy now, having moved his tennis camp to nearby Waterville Valley. Rosewall kept flying in from *his* camp in Sugarbush, Vt. And finally Connors and Nastase, who seldom have been internationally ranked in punctuality, arrived in the middle of the week to set up the possibility of their long-awaited Vulgarity Final.

By that time the tournament was filling up those 8,200 seats every day until Saturday and Sunday, when overflow throngs watched from the straw-covered dirt hills surrounding the court.

"I hope there's no landslide," said Connors.

As it turned out, the only disaster was of Jimbo's own making. When it was over, Connors had wiped out yet another tournament field and was now champion of Forest Hills, Caesars Palace and North Conway, N.H. **END**

IN ALL EVENTS, HE'S THE BEST

Despite an errant javelin, technical difficulties and the presence of the Soviet Olympic champ, Bruce Jenner set a world record in the decathlon and led the U.S. team to victory over Russia and Poland

by KENNY MOORE

A 14′9¼″ vault finally had given him the lead after eight events, and Bruce Jenner slipped from the foam-rubber cushion of the pit, showing transparent relief. He stood beside the runway, conferring with a coach and a vault official, Harlon Towne. Suddenly a javelin, curving wildly, descended among the three men, striking Towne a glancing blow on the shoulder and scraping skin from his wrist. It missed Jenner's neck by inches.

A few moments later a pale spectator made his way to Jenner. "Are you all right?" he asked.

"Yeah, I'm fine now," said the decathlete. "My early vaults were shaky, but I switched poles. I found a good one in a tool shed over there."

"I meant after that javelin."

"Oh, that. Didn't ever happen. Not today." Then he took up his pole and cleared 15′5″ on his first attempt, a height worth 981 points, as he made his way to a world decathlon record of 8,524 points.

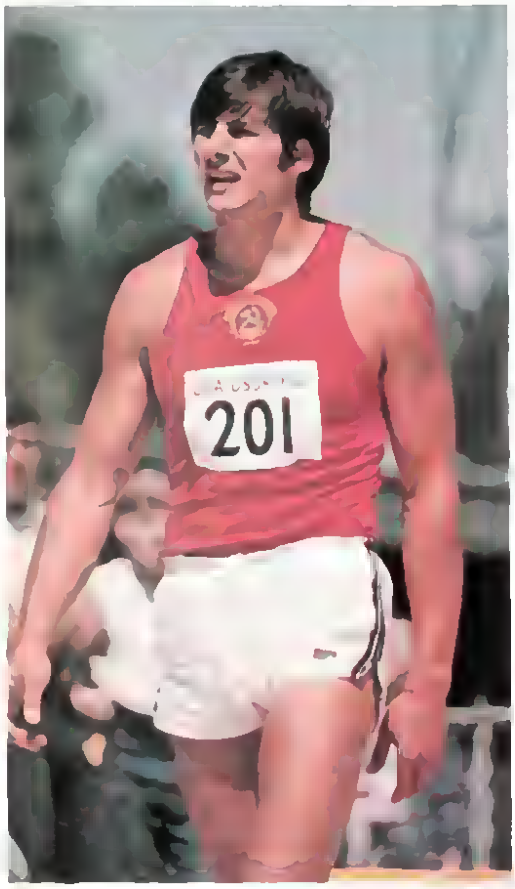
Jenner's calmness in the face of the dive-bombing javelin was typical of his performance in last week's team decathlon meet among the U.S., U.S.S.R. and Poland. En route, he also withstood technical difficulties and the intimidating presence of the defending Olympic champion and former world-record holder, Nikolay Avilov of Russia, as he led the American team, which scored 48,899 points, to a startling victory in Eugene, Ore. The U.S.S.R. was second, with 46,328 points, and Poland had 46,091.

The only satisfaction for the Russians was that their women outclassed pentathletes from Canada and the U.S. In the pentathlon, held on the same track on the same days as the decathlon, the winners scored 13,599 points to Canada's 12,406. The U.S., competing without its record holder, Jane Frederick, who had been injured in a freak Frisbee accident the day before the meet began, ended up with 12,015.

The Soviet athletes—seven men and three women—arrived in Eugene 10 days before the meet, scuffed their feet on the track and went shopping. In a sporting-goods store they were invited to have their names embossed on the backs of T shirts that had RUNNERS MAKE BETTER LOVERS written across the front, and the raunchiness of the Russian translation caused a run on the stock. Then, coming in shaken from a viewing of *Jaws*, the Russians found they were sharing their dorm complex with 250 girls attending a high school cheerleaders' clinic. On the morning of his 27th birthday, Avilov awoke to find the perplexing sight of a courtyard filled with 20 dancing pompon teams. The strikingly handsome Avilov was soon having his picture taken in discreet embrace with several dozen sighing maids.

"I have stopped serious training for this year," he said, his mobile features producing an expression of mock weariness. "This is just for détente."

Combining the top six scores from each nation, team decathlon injects one more statistic into what is perhaps the most



Fred Dixon got the jump on Russia's uninspired Nikolay Avilov and came in second with 8,277 points.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MANNY MILLAN

Jenner ran the 400 in 48.7 to put himself in position to score a world-record 8,524 points.

complicated—and grueling—test in sport. Decathletes face myriad decisions in training. "If I lift weights too much today, I can't run good intervals tomorrow," says Craig Brigham, runner-up in this year's AAU championships. "If I beef up for the shot, my vaulting and hurdling may suffer." The finest decathletes gravitate toward the golden mean. "You have to look at it as a whole," says Jenner, a 25-year-old insurance salesman from San Jose, Calif. "You'll never see a decathlon man approach a world record in an individual event. It would mean subtracting too many points elsewhere." His size (6′ 2″, 195 pounds) and concentration on the "whole" put Jenner firmly in the tradition of the best-known post-World War II decathlon world-record holders: Bob Mathias, whose highest score was 7,731, Rafer Johnson (8,063), C. K. Yang (8,089), Bill Toomey (8,417) and Avilov (8,454). In 1974, Jenner's 8,308 points in a meet at Tallinn on the Estonian coast was the world's best. At Eugene, he set out from the first event to exceed that achievement with a record of his own.

Beyond the constant balancing of skills, decathletes in recent years have had to contend with intrusions of science, some welcome, others not. The Soviets have tinkered with physiological monitoring of athletes and, in some cases, have used electrical stimuli on muscles in place of weight training.

Accutrack, the new automatic timing system activated by the starter's gun and stopped by a photoelectric cell, renders clockings roughly two-tenths of a second slower than timing by hand. It takes that long for humans to start their watches after the firing of the gun. Decathletes naturally tend to dislike the device. "Electric timing takes about 85 points off everyone's score," said Jenner. "The most we can hope for is that it breaks down in a race or two. Then they'll have to hand-time everybody." Jenner was also annoyed when the flip long jump was banned last year. Doing a forward somersault in the air, he had gone 24 feet. Using the traditional style he had done barely more than 23, a difference of 61 points. "These technical guys," he said. "Always doin' ya."

Jenner's views were voiced softly, however, because he had entered the meet through the back door. In the AAU decathlon in July he had failed at the open-

continued

ing height in the pole vault and scored no points. Fred Dixon, the first-day leader at the AAU, had fouled three times in the discus. Neither had finished among the top eight, yet both were placed on the international team by official fiat—a move criticized as undemocratic in some quarters.

For spectators to appreciate the varied and complex ways of winning a decathlon requires both prior study and a manic alertness. Basically, the competitors try to surpass their personal records in each event and build toward a high total score. As a result, gleeful gymnastics sometimes occur after a ninth-place finish in the dash; conversely, looks of despair follow a victory in the shotput which, nonetheless, was a foot or two short of expectations. At times in Eugene it seemed that the spectators were required to follow 25 private track meets, and that may have accounted for the sparseness of the crowd. Only 3,741 turned out to watch the first-day events.

By the time they had ended and the U.S. had compiled a 24,805–23,718 lead over second-place Poland in team points, a number of things had been made clear. First, the combination of a fast track, good weather and stimulating competition was producing an unprecedented number of quality performances. Ten men were on their way to scoring more than 8,000 points. Not even in the Olympics had more than four ever accomplished this feat in one meet. Second, the electric timing had indeed failed. In the fifth heat of the first event, the 100-meter dash, a technician was distracted by an official and did not press a button in time. Just as Jenner had hoped, hand timing had to be used for all the races. The differences were spectacular. Fred Samara, the AAU champion and a fidgeter of some violence in the starting blocks, had recorded the fastest electric 100, a 10.67. But the field timers had him in 10.3, a 93-point improvement. Jenner picked up an extra 75 points when he was given an unelectric clocking of 10.7. "The kid's on his way," he yipped.

Even the officials were pleased to go back to punching watches. "The electric eye takes all the fun out of being a timer," said one. It was decided to do away with Accutrack for the duration, except in the women's pentathlon. That omission brought gutteral protest from the Soviet coaches, whose English suddenly became more than basic: "We have heard this thing you say, 'affirmative action.' Might that mean timing the same way for men and women?" Said an embarrassed American official, "I think we ought to send for Kissinger."

In the long jump, Avilov, whose personal record is 25′ 6¾″, managed only 24′ 1¾″. Then he ambled serenely about the infield, in sharp contrast to Jenner, who jumped 23′ 6¼″, grunting mightily on impact. "Keep it going. Keep it *going*," he said, and did, putting the shot 50′ ¼″, a lifetime best by more than two feet and second only to mammoth Rudolf Zigert's 54′ 7¼″.

Between events a number of competitors sought shade under a large green plywood box normally used to store foam landing pits. Jenner peered out at the women's pentathlon shotput, then at Frederick, who sat apart in the sun quietly watching. "She doesn't feel like talking," said someone. "I don't blame her," said Jenner. "I'm the one who threw the Frisbee. She was just trotting a little to catch it and stepped into a hollow in the lawn. 'Oh, my God,' I said, 'you didn't sprain your ankle?' 'I'm afraid I did,' she said." Jenner turned silently into the shadows. Zigert, a jovial Russian bear, crawled in, scratching numbers in the dry sod to compare scores. Dixon, the individual leader after the first three events who would go on to finish second with 8,277 points, whispered to the prostrate Jenner, "What you going for in the high jump?"

"Goin' for six-seven. Might as well. I'm hotter 'n a pistol." His eyes widened. "I'd like to be 4,250 after five events. I know I can score 4,300 the second day. But I'm a high jumper now. Can't look ahead. Cannot look ahead."

"That Avilov is so casual out there," said Dixon. "If he doesn't wake up. . . ."

"He won't wake up," said Jenner.

The Olympic champion did rouse himself somewhat in the high jump, winning at 6′ 10¾″, but Jenner, uncanny in his sense of his capacities, flopped 6′ 7¼″, his third personal record in four events. Zigert, who jumped 6′ 8¼″, assumed the lead with Dixon second, Jenner third and Avilov fourth.

"Anything under 49.0 in the 400, that's all I need," Jenner said, watching an early heat of the long sprint seal Zigert's fate. The 6′ 6″, 230-pound Russian, pawing through the last 100 yards with an open-mouthed grimace, finished in 52 seconds and sank to the track, overcome. By running a 48.7, Jenner made up 146 points on Zigert and gave himself a real chance at the world record. Avilov, running in the same heat as Jenner, loped through the race as if he were doing the first lap of a half mile, never kicking and finishing at 50.4. "Next year is the important year," he said in clear resignation.

"Tomorrow I have to take it on," said Jenner, openly discussing his chances of setting a record. "Conditions are perfect, I'm mentally on, physically on and my family came from Connecticut and Florida to help. If I can't do it now, I can't do it."

And he did it rather calmly, posting second-day marks of 14.6 in the 110-meter hurdles, a personal record 164′ ½″ in the discus, 15′ 5″ in the pole vault and 214′ 11″ in the javelin. It was not until the javelin, however, that Jenner overtook Avilov's world-record pace.

The mood of the second day, though more subdued than the first, never approached Olympian grimness. Waiting out the early heights in the vault, Jenner described his next project, one in cooperation with a wild animal park near San Francisco. "I'll take on a black panther in the long jump," he said, "a tiger in the high jump and vault against a chimpanzee. I figure I'll get them all disqualified on technical violations."

So it came down to the 1,500 meters, an event loathed by most decathletes, but one to which Jenner has devoted thousands of miles of morning runs. To break Avilov's record, Jenner needed at least a 4:26.2. The race was run in fading twilight, and the wind that had been aiding in the hurdles and the vault had fallen. Surprisingly, it was Avilov who took the lead at the gun and paced Jenner to breaking his record. After the 72-second first quarter, Jenner went in front. With a lap to go, he was 100 yards ahead of the field, and the crowd began a churning, rhythmic chant. In the backstretch he surged and carried his drive all the way to the tape. His time was 4:16.6, good for a total of 8,524 points, 70 better than the record. At the Olympics in Munich, Avilov, who ended up third in Eugene with 8,211 points, had collapsed after crossing the 1,500-meter finish line. But Jenner, wide-eyed and with a clenched fist, stood firm against the crush of the congratulatory crowd and swept up his weeping wife, Chrystie. "We did it," he said into her ear, and they jogged, trembling, into the new evening. **END**

After kicking around everything I'd heard about smoking, I decided to either quit or smoke True.

King Regular 11 mg. "tar", 0.6 mg. nicotine 100's Menthol, 13 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report April '75.

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SMOKE FROM AN URBANE VOLCANO

Meet Hidetaka Nishiyama, a tough gentleman of Japan who is fighting to have karate accepted as an Olympic sport ***by MASON SMITH***

The central *dojo* of the All America Karate Federation is just another of those empty storefronts on prolitless streets that say KARATE in big block letters over blank windows and are similar in appearance to the cheap massage parlors located in such places across the land. The building's blank wall on the side street is covered with spray-can graffiti, unintelligible but not Oriental. Next door on the other side is a storefront office of the United Farm Workers, its windows as colorful with exhortations against Ernest and Julio Gallo as the *dojo*'s are plain. This is 1440 West Olympic Boulevard in downtown L.A., where most so-called natives claim they *never* come, are you crazy? But for Hidetaka Nishiyama, the United States' ranking karate man and chairman of the AAKF, it is the boulevard to the Olympics, or else. From this unlikely base, Nishiyama is attempting, simultaneously, to clean up karate's brutal commercial show-biz image and win its acceptance as an Olympic sport.

To students in the hundreds of American schools that teach the authentic Shotokan, or Japanese Karate Association style, this reserved, polite, incredibly powerful little man is anything but a promoter. He is the most inspiring *sensei* (teacher) of karate in the country. He is hard, distant and cool, but gut-wrenching workouts with him become a kind of addiction. He exemplifies the *way* as much as the technique. he is incorruptible in a time rife with schismatics and opportunists. When Nishiyama's paperwork for the 40-nation World Karate-do Championship Tournament, which will be held in Los Angeles next week, cuts into his students' workout time with him, they are hurt, angry, jealous.

Nishiyama's technique is fearsomely advanced, well into the realm of art. "He has never been defeated in a match in his life by anybody at any level," says one black belt. When second- and third-degree black belts are asked to demonstrate an attack against him, says another, "You don't want to go in. You know you're not going to get hurt, but you don't want to go in. He'll totally break you down. Crumble your mind. Something comes out of his eyes. Say he demonstrates a kick to your stomach. It just touches you and stops. It doesn't hurt. But your skin burns for hours afterward. He fully extends his arm, knuckles against your breastbone. He just exhales hard and you are knocked back three feet."

Nishiyama's *dojo* is no more imposing on the inside than it is from the street. If you want a place that looks like a Zen monastery, try a restaurant. The left half of the long room has an oak floor and bare walls painted brown below and cream above. Just inside the front windows, which have blinds to diminish glare and distraction, there are a few hard benches where children coming in off the street sit and wonder at the goings-on. In the middle of a side wall an American and a Japanese flag are crossed beneath a portrait of a round-faced, silver-haired, unsmiling gentleman, the founder of modern karate, Gichin Funakoshi.

The varnish is worn off the floor except in the corners and close to the walls. At the far end are two large mirrors, originally about six feet square. Both are missing big chunks, and raw plywood stares out from where the glass has been broken away. There is a round clock. A ventilation shaft drops creamy light into the room. Across a half-partition on the other side of the building, a young Oriental woman works in the office. In a small lobby with no seating, plants, carpet, anything, just a little counter and an opening in the office wall where you pay for lessons, there is a dusty glass case containing gimcrack trophies.

It is impossible to understand a word the *sensei* is saying. The little man is out there walking barefoot back and forth in front of two rows of black belts. This is a special class for instructors, big frogs in some pond like Grand Forks, N. Dak. Apparently they have room to improve. The master's voice sinks to a vibrant bass with a shaming, disappointed oo-o-o-o. Grinning, he mimics someone's boxer-like tendency to put his shoulder into an imaginary punch to the head, which is supposed to be started with a flick of the hips and done with the back straight and shoulders low. Speed and focus, not blundering mass. Karate is difficult for Americans to understand.

They love it, though. They gleam with humility and effort. The hour will be too short. After 1,000, even 10,000 iterations, the hope of making one simple reverse counterpunch correctly is an eager dream on their perspiring faces. And not because the punch will have a force of about one ton per square inch, compared to a good boxer's 400 pounds or so, but because — well, it is preferable not to verbalize exactly why. Karate has a way of avoiding the brain in these messy matters. It is a thing of the spirit. But these black belts seem to understand what Nishiyama means. They respond with unintelligible noises of their own. The hard surfaces inside the old store bang the words around until they become as obscure as the graffiti outside, but you have the unmistakable sense of harmony, of good communications.

The command voice is driven from Nishiyama's diaphragm, it has a deep whir of power, a gearbox hum. He demonstrates a basic block and counterpunch, then puts the black belts through it by the numbers, stressing the placement of feet, the motion of hips. He holds them frozen in midexecution, turns to the wall and illustrates correct body action. Then he adds another block, a kick, a strike, a punch, creating an *ad hoc* sequence. The students are so zonked on selfless struggle that now and then they shout "Osu!" seeming not to know they are doing it. "Osu!" means "yes!" or

continued

PHOTOGRAPH BY BILL EPPRIDGE

Standing beneath a portrait of the founder of karate, Nishiyama teaches in his L.A. *dojo*

"right on!" Going slowly at first, Nishiyama puts them through the new sequence over and over. "Un! Tsoo! Tree! Hoa! Hi-i-i! Sssseece! Heaven!" On reaching 10, the pupils all shout "Osu!" or "Ai!" or "Argh!"

It looks easy, punching and kicking thin air, but at the end of one of these brief exercises students have streams of sweat running off their chins. Nishiyama does not give them five seconds' rest. He tells them very little. He whacks a belly—sharply—then a back, the student visibly grateful. The typewriter clicks in the office. The cries sound more and more like people being sick. In the final sparring practice, the lone female black belt blinks and flinches. Her cheeks look terribly hot.

In a motel cafe farther out Olympic Boulevard, the instructor-students drink beer very moderately and approach the subject of their *sensei* very carefully, tugged opposite ways by the desire to protect Nishiyama and to glorify him. He is, technically, one of the best teachers of karate in the world, they say. He has everything broken down to a science, can isolate the most important things to work on. He evokes more spirit than any other *sensei* ever. He can drive you to your breaking point. In Japan he is feared because his classes are physically so difficult, so brutal.

He is more lenient here. There is a racial thing. The Japanese, basically, don't expect Americans to be able to do karate. He's the embodiment of a samurai, really. There is something different about him from any other Japanese instructor. Something colder, almost ghostly. In Japan they have a phrase for him: a snow-capped volcano. A lot of coldness, a lot of fire.

Clearly, you don't make a dash to Tijuana with the man, but this talk of ghostliness and coldness contradicts a hint of effervescence behind that wonderful language barrier of 14 years' standing. And Nishiyama must have as much hustle and bustle in his way as Mr. Honda, if there is anyone by that name. Nishiyama is chairman of the AAKF, which is a member of the U.S. Olympic Committee. He is executive director of the International Amateur Karate Federation, executive director of the Pan-American Karate Union, representative of the Japan Karate Association International of America and a director of the JKA itself. There are those who think he is trying to control karate in the U.S., if not in the world. There are those of whom he thinks the same. But even when talking of AAU officials in the U.S., Jacques Delcourt of France or Ryoichi Sasakawa of Japan—none of them true karate men, he says, just power-seeking impresarios—Nishiyama cannot keep from erupting with laughter. You'd have to be a sweat-drenched worshiper in a *gi* not to see the *joie de vivre*.

As soon as he can safely let go of all these fancy handles, he says, he will do so. But at this historic moment it is necessary to establish controlling bodies to define and protect karate. It is being abused, especially in the U.S. It has become a code word for ferocity, for sensational, near-miraculous stomping; and the *do* aspect—the polite, truthful, gentle, fearless way of life karate teaches—is hardly guessed by most of us. Unqualified and unscrupulous phonies pretend to teach it rapidly, for plenty of dollars.

In a lot of commercial *dojos* the traditional routines or forms called *kata* are not even taught. Students just learn a few techniques and start fighting. If you don't know enough to choose the right school, or if you fall for the twirling jumps and spinning heel kicks, you get robbed. You learn some fatuous dance, not karate. And maybe you never know any better.

Nishiyama's students get much more heated and righteous about those things than he does. It insults them that in many of these ersatz schools someone can get a black belt in nine months or a year. "If there are 50 *dojos* in the L.A. area, 45 are total phonies," says one of Nishiyama's students. "Not mentioning any names, there are certain people right around here selling franchises who will take just $1,500, and in two weeks give you a black belt and show you how to teach. There are a lot of people who have gotten rich that way."

Actually, there can't be too many karate fortunes around. According to manufacturers' reports based on the total number of *gis* sold, about 200,000 people are practicing karate in the U.S. A majority are training with instructors who are serious, even if they are commercial. The AAKF itself is nonprofit. You pay $25 a month and work out as much as you want. You might achieve a practical familiarity with the basic techniques (which is all that the term black belt means) in three or four years. You will probably be serene in threatening situations thereafter, but the bully who kicks sand in your face will never know what you could do to him. The big change will be inside and always ongoing. You run the risk of karate supplanting your main interests and goals, including the girls (or boys) on the beach.

Tonight in the *dojo* the first class is for beginners of all ages. There are blacks and Chicanos and Japanese and whites, and there is one woman. It does not look so easy now. Compared to Nishiyama, the black belt instructor babbles, waves his hands, struts. Compared to the afternoon class, these students wobble, fan, peck. When the woman is supposed to knee her sparring partner in the chest, she mimes it with an indulgent smile, then laughs and pats him on the shoulder.

Then Nishiyama appears to teach a group of brown belts and black belts. Right off he conducts a very hard kicking workout that takes the whole class beyond pain. It can be seen: a period, occurring at different times for different individuals, when each student is so tired that the legs will not perform the kicks, all done with one leg while standing on the other. They skip a count or two in the faster and faster groups of kicks.

Next he teaches a way of catching a punch on the wrist, whipping it away and using the reaction force to stage a counterpunch to the face. He is so polite, so perfect in gesture. He is talking about character development and self-perfection and good manners, while the medium is an art that involves hitting people in the throat or temple with an impact that the bones and joints of the human body cannot withstand. It is a breathtaking paradox, kept totally implicit. "Now very easy punch face. Unnastan? Very easy kick estomach. Unnastan?"

"Osu!" they all shout. Because it's neat. So beautiful.

It is a shock to realize how new karate is in the United States. The karate boom started in the early '50s, when ex-servicemen who had learned it in Japan came home looking for converts to the sport. And although we tend to think of karate as traditionally Japanese, it is relatively new in Japan itself. When Nishiyama was a child in Tokyo, karate was unknown to most Japanese. Funakoshi had brought the old techniques from Okinawa in 1922.

In Japan other martial arts, especially

kendo and judo, were very popular, and one or the other was required in middle school. By the time he was 14, Nishiyama was already a black belt in judo. But he never heard of karate until he was 17. When he asked where Funakoshi's *dojo* was, no one knew. He had to find it himself. So Nishiyama's career has coincided not only with the American boom but with the Japanese boom that preceded it.

He went through Takushoku University, training in karate while studying business. He had no intention of making karate his life's work, but instructors were so rare—and so bad—that he soon found himself coaching every evening. While the burgeoning college clubs and teams began to coalesce into regional and national organizations, he was traveling, organizing, administrating. Then the war swept away the whole middle generation of Japanese men who might have been the leaders and teachers. In the emptiness of national defeat, the Japanese took up karate passionately as a form of individual spiritual reconstruction. Nishiyama had gone to work for Shell Oil, but now he became so busy coaching and traveling for the newly forming JKA that he took a leave of absence from his job and never went back.

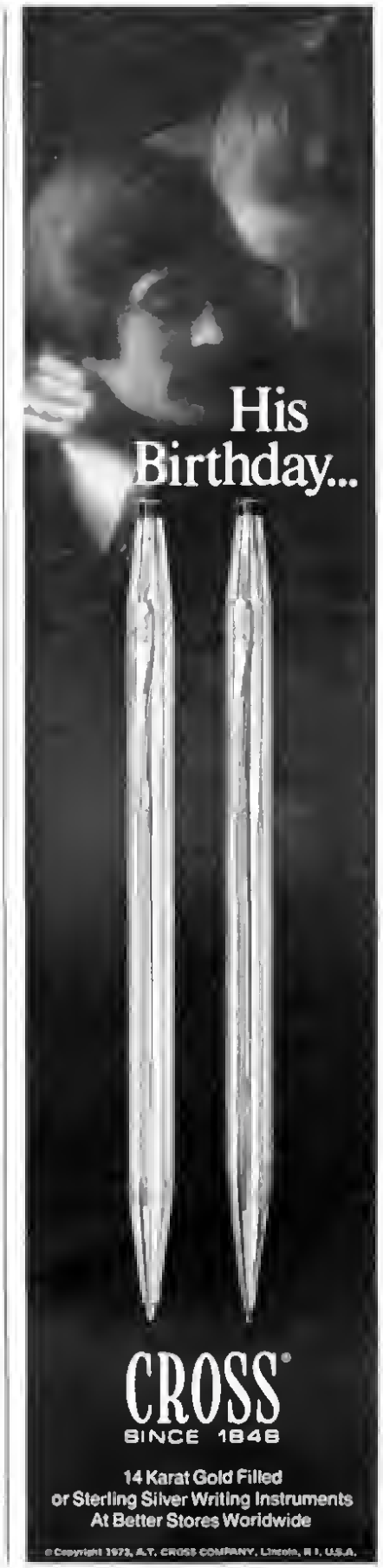
Ray Dalke, one of the first of Nishiyama's brilliant American protéges, says that when the *sensei* came to the U.S. in 1961, "karate was like chow mein. Something you ate." There were about half a dozen clubs in Southern California and very few anywhere else. In the short time since then, North America has been colonized so well that now, if you are one of Nishiyama's best students, you are liable to be sent off to Lima or Montevideo to instruct. Karate is booming in South America, too.

A stable world organization will apparently have to be born of conflict. On the one hand is the year-old International Amateur Karate Federation, which, it is Nishiyama's feeling, democratically reflects the wishes of the majority of karate people around the world. On the other is the World Union of Karate-do Organizations, dominated by Sasakawa with his French ally Delcourt. The AAU, after a brief honeymoon with the AAKF, has tried to take direct control of amateur karate in the U.S. and represent it internationally and has thrown in with WUKO. Ignoring the AAU and WUKO, the IAKF is staging a "world conference" along with the Los Angeles championships. In turn, the AAU is ignoring the IAKF and running its own "world tournament" in Long Beach in October. Classic Japanese bickering aside, it seems likely that the IAKF will emerge as the stronger body.

While describing all this, Nishiyama is drinking beer with one of his students, Steve Uhl, who is so close to the *sensei* that he doesn't speak English with articles anymore. Only four years ago Uhl was a lonely jewel cutter, but his life has been transformed by karate. In record time he has reached third-degree black belt, lived and studied with the chief instructor in Japan and become the U.S. champion in *kata*. Nishiyama gives him a "big chance" to win the world championship in individual *kata*.

Japan's team, its strongest ever, is heavily favored. But with two-time Pan-American champion James Field and with the All-America champions of the past two years, Edwin Moise and Gerald Evans, the U.S. team has the seasoning to take second place over less experienced teams from Italy and West Germany. Still, the results will be less important than the progress the IAKF's world tournament is sure to make in legitimizing itself and the sport. Next, karate may be included in the Pan-American Games. That would seem to assure its eventual acceptance in the Olympics.

They say that karate has an hourglass shape, or is like a pyramid balanced point to point on a pyramid. You strive toward a narrow, uniform ideal, the mastery of basic techniques. When you achieve it after years of effort, you look up and find an expanding universe of potential development. You've just begun. On another level, that is what it will be like for Nishiyama. He has been keeping up a terrible pace: doing administrative work all morning, teaching all afternoon and evening, giving exams and flying to conferences all over the world on weekends, seeing his wife and 3-year-old daughter only at weekday breakfasts. Next weekend when several of his *ad hoc* responsibilities suddenly expire, his limited goals will be won. In that salutary quiet and emptiness he will be just beginning once more. His secretary, the only person around the *dojo* who feels free to tease him, insists that he is not a master yet. He has it in him, though, she says. If he doesn't make it, it will be because he's lazy. Nishiyama grins, agreeing. END



It is recorded in the informal history of baseball, as well as impressed on the minds of pitchers, that once there was a young man named Dino Restelli, a rookie who never became a veteran.

Early in the season of 1949 Dino Restelli had the look of an eagle who would soar one day into the quiet dignity of the Hall of Fame. He was big and strong. His bat sang. He could not miss.

Then he came up for the first time against Ewell Blackwell, a blackguard of a pitcher if ever there was one. Dino Restelli stepped up, dug in, then backed away and pulled out his big red bandanna. He held it up for the world to see and wiped off his glasses. O.K. A cocky kid.

He settled back into the box, dug in again and then waved like a cop directing traffic, signaling Blackwell to bring it in. Sure enough, The Whip brought it in. Dino Restelli's bat went one way. His hat went another. And Dino Restelli went a third way.

Dino Restelli finished the year hitting .250 and was sent back to the minors.

Fear is an elementary fact of life, as complex and quaking as the world that is forever shouting at us, or as quiet as drops of water constantly hitting the forehead—those snipping little terrors that are a psychiatric goldfield. The subject is all over the Bible, a lot of third-rate poets have grappled with it in curdling pentameter and it has been a favorite of politicians, who have used it often and badly. But there is hardly a whisper of dread from athletes, few pounding hearts, little residue of cold sweat, only the rarest hints that they, too, are imprisoned by flesh and blood and have

THEIR LIVES ARE ON THE LINE

Every time a player comes up, he risks a run-in with that specter of death, the beanball. Only one major league hitter has ever been killed, but fear and fractures have snuffed out numerous careers ***by MARK KRAM***

minds that betray them and render their bones pulpy.

As hushed up as an ancestor's impropriety, the word fear does not exist publicly on playing fields, nor does it appear in the assembly line of "personal" books that promise to cut to the heart of a career, but only manage to clip a toenail. Where is the wide receiver who tells of that microsecond before catching a pass when the steamy breath of sheer animalism is upon him, or the quarterback who tells of being in a crumbling pocket and getting picked apart like an African kill? Where is the shortstop who, when the pressure is screaming, requests of the Deity a home run—anything except a ground ball hit right at him? What about jockeys who must guide 1,000 pounds of unpredictability through cracks that open and close as fast as a *continued*

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ALLAN MARDON

The pitch that killed Ray Chapman hit him so hard the third baseman fielded it.

snowflake melts on a warm sidewalk? Don't they know how the stableboy felt inside?

"There is nothin' like a horse," the kid said one day. "I love 'em."

"Why don't you become a jockey?"

"I tried . . . no guts," he said, tapping his stomach. "That's a funny one. I can feel horses. It's like I'm a part of 'em. When I see a good one coming out at the top of the stretch, I'm on him and I can feel him. You know he's coming. You know he's tough and has it inside and isn't going to get himself licked, and I get mad when I think the horse has all that guts, and I don't have any."

Most athletes, even those who posture, are distant brothers to the stableboy. They know the sensation of a single butterfly fluttering up to their throats. Expressions covering fear are common—he choked up, his lump came up—including references to anatomical shortcomings in various parts of the body. Fear of physical hurt, of failure, dwells in the secret places of an athlete's consciousness, but few, most of them boxers, will even say that fear is often an agent of boldness. A player who admits fear is like a surgeon who confesses to having bad hands; it is not good for business.

"How do you kill fear?" Joseph Conrad wanted to know. "How do you shoot a spectre through the heart, slash off its spectral head, take it by its spectral throat?" That is what fear is in sports: ghostly, never seen, never heard, yet there, like a barely perceived ground fog far away. And of all the private terrors in sports, none is more swift in the extinction of a career, none sits on the shoulder of a player more threateningly nor extinguishes the spirit more abruptly, none is more deadly than the beanball.

Almost childish in its playground sound, the word can turn a dugout into a savage pit, can zipper the biggest mouth. Consider it again, picture the objects: a head and a ball. The head seems to be the easiest part of the body to move, but it isn't; a head has to be conditioned to move in an instant. Mainly because of the peripheral vision required, football, soccer and basketball demand superb head movements. This is not true of baseball, a game more of sharp angles than of fluid arcs, a game in which the athleticism is more studied than free-form. Rather than head agility, which many of them do not have, batters rely on instinct, the quick recognition of spins and paths of thrown balls, to preserve their fragile heads against the physics of ball and velocity.

Look closer at the head, and its vulnerability is even more chilling. The entire face is exposed, and the skull casing, eight hundredths of an inch thick at the temple, is protected by a thin plastic helmet. That is hardly a match for the pitcher, standing out on the rise of ground 60′6″ away, so close, it seems, he could tell if one of your incisors needs dental work. The rise, of course, is never a mound. It is the Grand Teton, and on top of it (whatever happened to little pitchers like Bobby Shantz?) is usually a gentleman who is tall and bony, or tall and as wide as a bus. It does not matter, for they all seem immense and have foul dispositions.

In his hand (a prehistoric paw might be more apt) is a ball, a large white tablet of poison three inches in diameter. What he does with that very hard ball, and what you do with it, will be the basis for endless analyses and judgments: contracts sent back and forth with notes of hurt, maybe arbitration and more hurt, long winters of kicking your favorite hunting dog. According to hitters, the trouble is that a pitcher can do too much with the ball. He can make it curve like a cougar buzzing around a mountain corner, or give it a lunch-pail hop that, like the curve, has turned many an earnest young man into a labor statistic. He also can stick it in your ear—at 90 mph.

Along with the abject case of Tony Conigliaro of the Red Sox, who recently found himself on a lonely beach running with his golden retriever and trying to accept or reject being sent down to Pawtucket, the history of baseball is littered with the crumpled wills, ended careers and expired aggressiveness of players who have been hit in the head. Only one has been killed. He was Cleveland's Ray

Chapman, who was felled in 1920 by a pitch from Yankee Carl Mays. Mays' pitches came from around the knees (from the bottom of hell, that's what hitters think of that kind of pitch), and although he was not the vicious predator some thought he was, he was not exactly fraternal either. Ty Cobb remembered the incident well: "The ball had rebounded from his left temple so hard that it bounded down to Aaron Ward at third base. Ward, thinking it a bunt, had scooped it up and shot it over to Wally Pipp at first." Chapman collapsed at the plate and died that night in the hospital.

Just a snap of the fingers is how long it takes for a pitch to be on top of you, and there is no question that it is the most dangerous moment in team sports. "It's dangerous every time you step in the batter's box," says Dave Cash of the Phillies. "Your life is on the line. You're subject to getting killed. I hate to put it that way, but how else can you put it?"

The Orioles' Paul Blair would agree, for he survived one of the messier beanings in recent years when he was hit by Ken Tatum of the Angels in 1970. The ball hit him on the left side of the nose and the lower part of the orbital ridge. His eye was swollen shut. "I put his nose back in place," said the doctor, "but we'll probably have to operate just to set it. It was all over his face."

Luckier than Blair, the Orioles' Brooks Robinson has been hit in the head seven times, although his reflexes are as sharp as a stropped razor. "Even if that's not a record, I've had enough," says Robinson, who recalls everything about each beaning but the color of the pitcher's eyes. "If it is a record, let's pray it stands unchallenged by any batter forever. It's amazing to me that more guys don't get hit. When you get a guy out there throwing hard, it's only a matter of inches. Even if the ball's close to being a strike, say four or five inches inside, you can get hit. When a guy throws hard, I don't care who you are, he has a scare factor going for him. And if you get hit too many times, it scares you. You think about it, think you might have a blind spot."

As basic a drive in humans as it is in baboons or mockingbirds, establishing dominance of territory is central to hitter vs. pitcher. Territory is at the core of many games, but never is it so maddeningly subtle as it is in this conflict that brings into play elaborate gamesmanship over a strike zone 12 inches wide and little more than two feet high. Catchers study it as if it were a map of land mines; pitchers keep elaborate mental and written notes on who did what while there; managers become crazed over it; and hitters twist and snarl in their sleep, dreaming of textbook pitches that are low and away. Even the best hitters view that portion of the plate through a glass darkly; it is a graveyard of lost ships, that killing ground.

Naturally, the pitcher is sensitive to any intrusion on the outside of the plate.

continued

Pitchers use knockdown pitches to protect the outside corner and their teammates.

He insists that it be left to him alone, and he resists any effort by the batter to steal any part of it by digging in and crowding the area. The warning comes quickly: a pitch at the batter. In the argot of the trade, such a delivery is called chin music, a brushback, a duster or, in more polite circles, a purpose pitch.

Besides the territorial dispute, there are other reasons why a pitcher will throw at a hitter: he wants to set him up for a certain pitch; he wants to remind him that, despite his huge salary, he is mortal; he believes strongly in Exodus 21:24, but in this case the head for a head is in retaliation for similar baseness by the opposing team; or he is just plain mean, beyond the help of a lobotomy.

Hitters react variously. Some drop like puppets whose wires have been cut, regain their feet a trifle shakily, maybe chat amiably with the catcher hoping to distract him with, say, flattery (about as effective as talking to a mugger) and then swing at the next pitch no matter where it is. Strike one for intimidation. Others get up, fulminating and vowing destruction—a line drive off the pitcher's kneecaps or a bunt down the first-base line so the pitcher has to handle it and can be splattered like the bug that he is. The trouble here is that nobody can hit back through the box when he wants, and few can bunt the ball *anywhere* safely. Then there are the Frank Robinsons of the game, who are a menace when aroused (managers do not like to ruffle big hitters, and Gene Mauch, when managing the Phillies, had a rule against anyone throwing at Robinson above the waist). Or there are those hitters who are genuinely frightened. They will be heard from no more, unless a pitcher is dumb enough to throw them a changeup.

The Barber's specialty was the close shave.

"Establishing oneself to the inside of the plate" is what Cal McLish, the pitching coach of the Expos, calls it. That sounds nice. It has a solid pedagogic ring to it. But what about the pitch in back of the head, the kind that sends beasts of burden like Thurman Munson, Willie Horton and Greg Luzinski out to the mound with bats in their hands and murder on their minds. Is there such a pitch as a beanball, purposely thrown to put a hole in a batter's cranium? The old Dodger Don Drysdale says, "I don't like the word, it's a sandlot term." McLish says, "I'd never use that expression." Oddly, hitters are just as evasive; they do not want to believe that pitchers would throw deliberately at their heads. Whether or not the intentional beanball exists is a matter of controversy.

"Maybe we're just civilized today," says Cincinnati's Johnny Bench. "I think everyone realizes that we're all trying to make a living. I don't like the idea of throwing at anyone. I roomed with Steve Boros and Don Zimmer in the minors. Each of them had been seriously beaned. I know what can happen."

"I don't know any guys who are headhunters," says the A's Reggie Jackson. "A lot of pitchers will knock you down, but they're not headhunters. Of course, some pitchers are unconcerned whether they hit you or not, pitchers like Jim Kaat, Bill Singer and Sonny Siebert."

Philadelphia's Luzinski says that Bill Greif of the Padres is a headhunter. "He's No. 1. He'd better wise up. He's going to get hurt bad one of these days. They all say they're trying to pitch you inside. But there aren't really too many headhunters around."

Says Cash, "It's hard to label somebody a headhunter. It's a thin line between getting the inside of the plate and hitting somebody. Say a guy makes a brutal pitch down and away. The next pitch comes in on you, and he says it got away. But he could be a liar."

"Guys that throw at batters are jerks," says ex-Phillie Richie Ashburn. "And usually they're not going to be good pitchers. Drysdale was not that good when he first came up because he'd rather hit you than win the game. I didn't get hit much. I wasn't a long-ball threat. They just got mad at me for fouling off pitches. I did get hit once in the minors. I got it in the neck and jugular vein. The doc said the impact of the ball and the blood exploding into my head were what gave me headaches for about six weeks. Intent, you can't read intent."

A Giant pitcher says, "If a guy hits a home run off me, he's gonna get it. If I don't get him that game, it'll be another time. I waited two years for a shot at one guy."

"I don't respect a pitcher as much who throws at me," says Reggie Smith of the Cardinals. "If he throws at the head, he should be ready for the consequences. They say a batter is a coward if he steps toward the pitcher with a bat in his hand. That's a lot of bull. The pitcher has a weapon in his hand, too. If anyone throws purposely at me, I'm going to do anything to get back at him, maybe even go after him some night in a dark alley. Somebody's going to pay for hitting me."

Retaliation is high on the list of motives for throwing a knockdown pitch or hitting a batter. Recently, after having abused the Orioles with his bat the night before, the Yanks' Munson took a pitch on his arm from Mike Torrez. Soon, the Oriole catcher, Elrod Hendricks, was buzzed under his chin and hit on the chest. That made the next move purely academic; his next time up Munson got a pitch that hit him on the shoulder. Catfish Hunter waited an inning and then let Bobby Grich have it on the shoulder; no one could recall the last time Hunter hit two batters in one game. His next time at the plate Munson tapped to third, but he did not run to first. He peeled off and went straight for Torrez. Munson said

later that he was mad because Torrez "blew a kiss at me."

This business of retribution is a sensitive subject. The hitters want to be protected by their pitchers. In fact, they insist on it. When the pitcher does not support them, bad feelings often arise. When Frank Robinson was with the Reds, he once stopped a game and began running toward the mound from the outfield. The pitcher knew what he wanted and waved him back; his next pitch plopped off the hitter's rib cage. Recently, Willie Davis—in a snit because his pitcher did not "back me up"—went out to center field and sat on his glove. "When I was pitching, I had an automatic thing," says Drysdale. "It was 2 for 1. One of our guys, two of theirs."

Ken Forsch of Houston admits having hit Tito Fuentes with premeditation. "I thought it was necessary to protect my club. He went out of his way to get Joe Morgan [then with the Astros] at second base. Morgan asked me to get him, and I got him. But I was aiming below the waist, so I would be sure not to hit him in the head. Besides, he seored and ruined my shutout."

Maury Wills, the retired Dodger, used to spend a lot of time on his back because, he figures, the opposition felt humiliated by his base running. "My pitchers," Wills says, "would meet me at the top step of the dugout and say, 'We'll get him for you.' Sometimes I'd tell them to wait, to just put them on the list. When Drysdale retired, he owed me two. Larry Sherry owed me three. Stan Williams, he was up-to-date. He lived for that sort of thing. Williams once hit Henry Aaron and knocked his helmet to the backstop. Aaron would take a toehold against Drysdale, but not against Williams. He had the feeling Williams was crazy."

Along with Drysdale, Williams was more than an ordinary black hat. Like the Emperor Domitian, who impaled flies with a bodkin when bored, Williams seemed to feel a certain ecstasy at the sight of a sprawled hitter. "He hit me on the head with a 3-and-0 pitch," says Aaron. "I was just standing there. I had the take sign, and he conked me. He told his teammates, 'As long as I'm gonna walk him, I might as well hit him.' I've heard that he kept a photo of me in his locker and threw balls at it. Maybe that's why he didn't become a great pitcher." But Williams was a perfectionist, and if he was not satisfied with his work the first time, he would hit the same opponent with his pick-off throw to first base.

Drysdale once hit Johnny Logan with a pitch, then nailed him at first on a pick-off, starting a riot. With a delivery that seemed to come from somewhere near third base, Drysdale's work was inspired. A myth at the time was that when Drysdale was pitching, Willie Mays would drop in the batter's box even when Drysdale threw to first. "When a catcher flicked his fingers," says Drysdale now, the fire of memories in his eyes, "it was like a red light turning green."

One of baseball's more storied intimidators was Ryne Duren, whose glasses were as thick as the bottom of a soda bottle. Entering a game, he would sail the first warmup pitch high up on the screen. The Reds' former First Baseman Ted Kluszewski recalls this moment. "One day Duren gives up three straight hits. What's he do? With a magnificent gesture, he lifts those thick glasses off his face, sticks them in his pocket and then steps back on the rubber to pitch. I think he hit the guy in the on-deck circle."

Among active pitchers regarded as decidedly inhumanitarian are Bruce Kison of the Pirates, Greif of the Padres, Singer of the Angels, Nolan Ryan of the Angels, Torrez of the Orioles, Bob Gibson of the Cardinals and Larry Dierker of Houston. And then there is Philadelphia's Jim Lonborg, who as a young pitcher on the Boston Red Sox studied under the Marquis de Sade, better known as Sal (The Barber) Maglie, a tonsorialist noted for superfine precision on heads.

The story goes that Lonborg once knocked Mickey Mantle down, and Mantle hit the next pitch into the seats. Disgusted, the pitcher came back to the bench and said to Maglie, "I did what you told me to do, and still he hits one in the seats."

The Barber paused, stroked his chin and said sagely, "Yes, Jim. But sometimes you have to do it two times."

In contrast, there are pitchers who are intransigent pacifists and will not throw at hitters in any situation. The great Walter Johnson would never pitch tight, and Cobb always crowded the plate on him. Bucky Walters once told his manager that he would hang up his glove before he would hit anyone. Among more modern pitchers, Warren Spahn, Robin Roberts, Billy Pierce and Ferguson Jenkins rarely hit anyone. McLish remembers a pitcher for Montreal who refused to knock hitters down; he is now in the minors with another organization.

"When Ernie McAnally first came up to us from Winnipeg, he was as mean as he had to be to win," says McLish. "But in his last couple of years with us he found religion and became reluctant to push a batter away. It was against his principles. Well, I respect a man's religion, but when you're trying to earn a living, you must use the weapons at your disposal. I tried to tell him it was his right. He wouldn't listen."

Few agree on who orders the knockdown pitch. For the most part, it is an understood professional code, and the pitcher does not have to be told what to do. But some players think there are managers who issue directives from the bench, among them Mauch, Alvin Dark of the A's and Dick Williams of the Angels. "You want to know about beanballs," says Catcher Barry Foote of Montreal. "Go ask the expert over there, Gene Mauch." Mauch is one of the reasons why Maury Wills never did well at Montreal. "I felt funny playing for a manager I had learned to hate," Wills once said. "When he was with the Phils and I was with the Dodgers, he used to order them to throw at me all the time."

Billy Martin, the new Yankee manager, always seems to be at the epicenter of beanball brawls. When he was a player, he broke the jaw of a pitcher who threw at him. As a manager, he is like a frontier general who gets a Gatling gun for the first time: he'll turn it on anything. Insiders laughed when Martin, then with the Texas Rangers, said he was angry with his pitcher for throwing at Elliott Maddox of the Yankees earlier this year. A few nights before, Martin had said that he hated Maddox, that he considered him gutless and that he would eventually take care of him.

"Would you order a retaliation?" Dark is asked.

"I don't even like to talk about it," says Dark, who sometimes reminds one of the Reverend Davidson in *Rain*. If pressed, he might come up with something like this: "Hurt is a purgatory and a revelation."

Beaning is not without its comedy, though it is not of the sort that produces

continued

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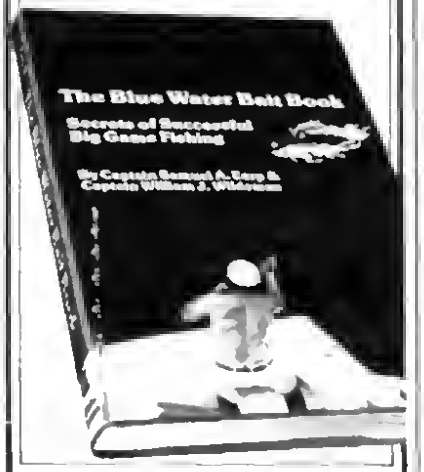

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a full belly laugh. Who can ever forget the sight of Ruben Gomez after hitting big Joe Adcock of the Braves? A sensible fellow, the Giants' Gomez took one look at Adcock charging toward the mound, the bat in his hand looking like a toothpick stuck in a side of beef, and ran to the clubhouse with Adcock in pursuit. Once inside, Gomez sputtered weakly that he would not return to the game. Ray Sadecki of the Braves recalls hitting Orlando Cepeda. "I remember a terrible scuffling around the plate, like two bulls fighting. Cepeda was wrestling with my catcher, trying to get the ball. He wanted to hit me in the head but all he managed to do was give me a few choice words in Spanish."

Then there was the time Charlie Grimm tried to use a little foresight. Walking toward the plate after several hit batsmen in a row, Grimm looked out to the mound and he did not like what he saw. "I could see the big pitcher's neck swelling and getting red," he recalls, "so I laid down on the ground in the batter's box. The umpire asked if I was trying to be a comedian. 'No,' I said, 'this first one's gotta be a beanball. Let's get it over with—then I'll get up.' "

Alex Grammas recalls a time on the Cardinals when he batted in back of Ken Boyer, who used to wear out Dodger Relief Pitcher Jim Hughes. "Each time Boyer got a hit I would go down as the next hitter," says Grammas. "Well, we're in Ebbets Field, and there's Boyer against Hughes again. Boom! He hits one off the wall. Now, I know what's going to happen. Hughes is steaming, pacing the mound like a caged tiger. I figure if I stall in the on-deck circle, maybe Walter Alston will take him out. Sure enough, here comes Alston. But before he can get to the mound, Hughes turns and throws at me in the on-deck circle. I swear it happened that way. Mad as he was, he had to throw the ball somewhere."

Back when Grammas was playing, *somewhere* was at the head—with sincerity. Up until the early '60s, beanball wars were as common as the antiwar rallies that came later in the decade. Players today like to think that those times are gone, but that is all it is, wishful thinking. Despite the batting helmet and Rule 802d, which requires a warning, then automatic ejection for such tactics, baseball has never been able to cope with the problem. The helmet helps immeasurably. But the rule has only made execution more stealthy while forcing umpires into nearly impossible judgment calls. "I've only warned one guy in the last three years," says Umpire Ron Luciano, even though this season alone there have been at least five beanball brawls, including one between the Dodgers and Padres.

Leading 10–1, the Padres tried to squeeze in a runner. Annoyed at the overkill, Dodger Pitcher Charlie Hough hit the next batter, signaling hard times for all, especially his catcher, Joe Ferguson, who later said he had ordered the pitch. In the next half inning, Dodger Willie Crawford was sent sprawling by four pitches. With debate not on his mind, Crawford went out and punched Pitcher Greif. Ferguson then joined in and suffered a fractured wrist. "I hope he enjoys his stay in the hospital," Greif said.

All a part of the game, most players will reply, until one of them is the "hittee." Caught between club ethics, practical necessity and what they know inside to be wrong, players look away, certain that their frontier law—swift and sure justice—can tolerate headhunting well short of open warfare. Their ostrich view is all they have, *must* have, through the long summers. It is the nature of the pitcher to throw at a hitter, and before he changes, or the practice is stopped, there is better chance of the surreal world of Magritte's paintings becoming real, mountains turned into eagles, clouds of granite and commuters who rain down from clear skies.

And always there will be casualties of the kind that remain forever burned into the mind. Don Zimmer unconscious for 13 days, hospitalized for 31, his weight dropping from 170 to 124, unable to talk for six weeks. Zimmer again in 1956, hit in the left eye, wearing a blindfold and pinhole glasses for 12 weeks, unable to bend over or be around his children. Former Kansas City Manager Jack McKeon riding to the hospital with one of his players who faced emergency brain surgery and had a 50-50 chance to live, staring blankly at the player's head, "which had an indentation in it that looked like a deflated basketball." Paul Blair, before he was helped by hypnosis, his heart racing, his breath coming in short heaves, his body going limp whenever a pitch came in close. All of those who never made it up, or back, and became only shadows walled in by shadows. END

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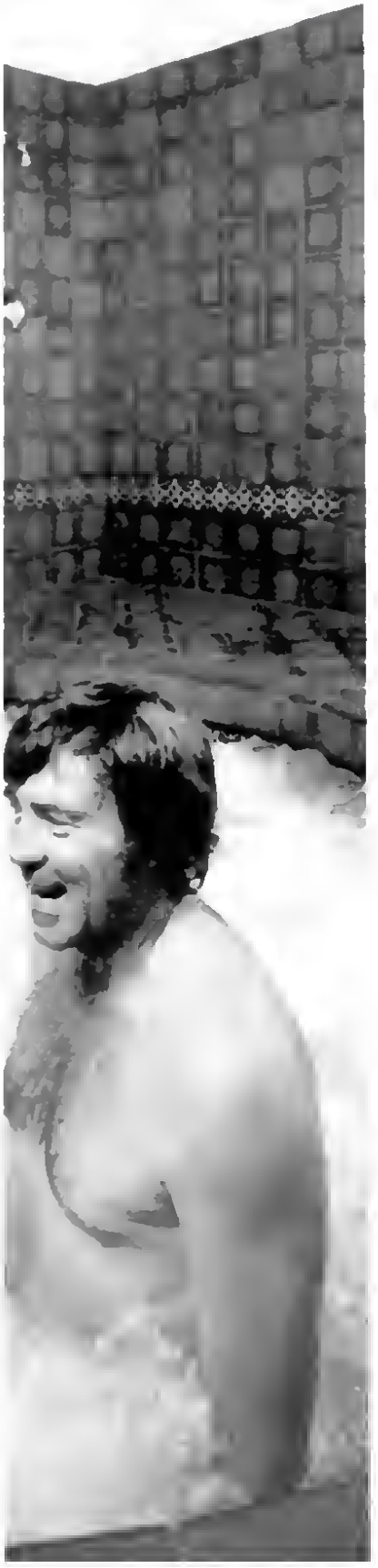
JUMPING INTO THE WONDERFUL WHIRL OF SPORTS



Palm Springs. Saturday afternoon. Inside the men's bathhouse at the Palm Springs Spa, Bob Gans, a San Diego stationer in town for a convention, lies submerged in a body-contoured tub filled with churning hot water. Almost dreamily he says, "I played 18 holes of golf today but this Jacuzzi should keep me from getting achy." Note the word he uses. Jacuzzi.

Across town at the Canyon Hotel, Dante Maimone, a vacationing executive from Columbus, Ohio, who has just played three hours of tennis, stands in a similar, but larger, pool of roiling water. To the two men and one woman sharing the pool with him, he exclaims, "The Jacuzzi is a great way to get the kinks out." That word again. Jacuzzi.

Elsewhere in Palm Springs, from trailer parks to mansions, others are sloshing around in Jacuzzis. Technically, the name for such activity is hydrotherapy; less formally, sportswriters let you know they are on such intimate terms with an athlete that they can interview him in "the whirlpool." It's the same thing.

There is no gainsaying the value that the sports world, not just journalists, attaches to whirlpool therapy, which is used both for physical rehabilitation and as an almost spiritual refuge from the rigors of competition. Along with massive tackles trying to wash away the weekend's collection of contusions, hydrotherapy has been used to combat lameness in racehorses and to shine the coats while calming the nerves of show dogs. Virtually every professional and major college team owns at least one stainless-steel whirlpool tank and some boast of four or five. Whirlpools are also showing up in high schools. "I get letters from high schools asking what they should put in their training rooms," says Kansas City Chiefs' Trainer Wayne Rudy. "I tell them the whirlpool is the most important piece of equipment we have."

In the sports spin-off boom that buffets the land it would be unthinkable that such vital gear should long stay confined to locker rooms. People now enjoy whirlpools in health clubs, hotels and their own bathrooms and backyards. They do so in color-coordinated fiber glass "spas," in prefabricated in-the-ground "therapy pools," in anything from ordinary bathtubs fitted with portable "aerators," or "aspirators," up to multikilodollar installations featuring tumbling waterfalls and mosaic tiles. Today the whirlpool is more than therapeutic equipment, it is a meeting place, a supertranquilizer, a status symbol.

And the name for it, often as not, is Jacuzzi. Turn to your favorite gossip columnist and read where Ann-Margret has a sunken Jacuzzi in her bathroom. Leaf through *Playboy* and see Hef & Friends playing rub-a-duh in their Jacuzzis. Or flick on the TV and catch Johnny Carson kidding about New York's gangland slayings: "There are so many bodies dumped into the East River that it looks like one big Jacuzzi."

Anything mentioned by Johnny, of course, is *ipso facto* a cultural phenomenon. That fact is borne out in Southern California, where the Jacuzzi has all but replaced the three-car garage as a totem of the good life.

In addition to the sports boom, the craze for Jacuzzis has been accelerated by the health boom, the luxury boom and the gadget boom. Palm Springs, the self-styled "golf capital of the world," probably has more whirlpools per capita than any other city. But Palm Springs is also a health resort popular with the elderly or infirm, and for many, Jacuzzis are less supplement for sport than substitute.

At the city's Canyon Estates, silver-haired gents and matronly ladies continually beat a path to the pool of gurgling water, ignoring the 25-yard swimming pool adjacent to it. Seated in a deck chair, shirt off and eyeglasses in hand, Jerry Graham, a retired ladies-apparel buyer from Los Angeles, looks on. "I just don't understand it," Graham confesses. "Myself, I'm on an exercise program. I worked out with my doctor. I swim 10 or 12 laps two or three times a day. But these people, all they do is sit in the Jacuzzi."

Like Xerox, Levi's, Thermos and Kleenex, Jacuzzi is a trade name that has become almost generic. People tend to say "Jacuzzi" and let it go at that, even if the label says Aquassage, Swimquip,

continued

In his $15,000 spa, John Steen, a manufacturer and champion off-road racer, bubbles away the aches accompanied by Christi Fontenrose.

Scandia or Hydraquip, not to mention Montgomery Ward.

Part of the allure has to be that name. Jacuzzi. It is Italian, and the most casual student of history knows about the Roman baths, yet the name is sometimes mistaken for being Japanese, another culture big on baths. It also happens that words with "zz" in them—terrazzo, jazz, Zsa Zsa—have a sort of, well, razzmatazz. And the name onomatopoetically fits the product: just close your eyes and let the water bubble and flow: *ja-cuzziiiiiiii*. It could easily have been called something like, say, "Swirl-O-Matic," but it wouldn't have been the same. Then, too, you don't build a multimillion-dollar business on rhythmic syllables alone.

The benefits of hydrotherapy were known to the Egyptians and Greeks, and by the time the seven Jacuzzi brothers, immigrants from Italy to northern California, got into the foam two decades ago, firms like Ille Electric, Whitehall Electro Medical and Dakon had pretty much wrapped up the hospital and sports markets in whirlpool equipment. That left only the consumer market, and the close-knit Jacuzzi clan had a grim personal entry into that area. In 1943, one of the brothers' infant sons contracted rheumatoid arthritis, leaving the boy crippled and wracked with pain. His parents took the child to Bay Area hospitals for whirlpool therapy, which was being used on World War II casualties and soon would receive even greater impetus from the postwar polio epidemics.

In later years Jacuzzi Research, a division of Jacuzzi Brothers, would advertise that its whirlpool grew "out of a father's love." This was melodramatic but accurate. Realizing that the whirlpools used on his son were essentially adaptations of the type of water pump Jacuzzi Brothers was making, the father, Candido, had his engineers develop an aerating jet pump that would enable the boy to receive therapy at home. Next Candido came up with a unit that sat right in the water and could be moved from one bathtub to another. Other sufferers learned of this "portable Jacuzzi" and the firm found itself turning out special orders.

The decision to market the portable unit came in 1955, with the new product to be sold in drugstores and bath-supply shops and by a corps of high-powered salesmen enlisted to make free home demonstrations. Then, thanks to a former Oakland sportswriter named Ray Schwartz, who handled Jacuzzi Research's publicity until his death in 1961, portable Jacuzzis were doled out as prizes on TV's tear-jerking *Queen for a Day*. The pitch was directed mainly at people with rheumatism, bursitis and the like, but Schwartz, by soliciting testimonials from Randolph Scott and the late Jayne Mansfield, got across the idea that whirlpool could also be used by the beauteous and the sound of limb.

Over the years some 200,000 Jacuzzi portables have been sold, which encouraged the company to move into whirlpool bathtubs and components and has helped it gross $67 million in 1974. Nonetheless, by far the major portion of Jacuzzi Brothers revenue comes from sales of water pumps, marine jets and swimming pool equipment.

While cautioning that it seldom cures anything in and of itself, doctors generally agree on the salubrious effects of whirlpool therapy. By providing moist heat and a kind of gentle massage, whirlpool treatment stimulates circulation and often hastens healing of muscle pulls, torn ligaments and strains. "The only harm is in thinking it does more good than it actually does," says Dr. Robert Kerlan, the Los Angeles sports orthopedist. "Otherwise it's a very restful, relaxing treatment. A lot of people with arthritic problems, for example, use it to get themselves moving in the morning and for comfort before going to bed."

The marriage of whirlpool and sport goes back many years. In the early '30s the Brooklyn Dodgers went in for whirlpool treatment and New York Knick Trainer Danny Whelan recalls a similar contraption when he was with the Rochester Red Wings of the International League in the '40s. "The whirlpools we used then leaked and weren't grounded," Whelan says. "It was fortunate somebody wasn't electrocuted."

Today Whelan and other trainers use gleaming full-body tanks, with adjustable headrests and rubber hand grips. Ille, Whitehall and Dakon still dominate the market, but until the recent proliferation of health clubs, many teams took a Jacuzzi portable along on road trips.

Joe Namath's knees, Sandy Koufax's elbow and Singh's right hook have all been dunked in whirlpools, as have the corporeal parts of most other sports figures. "The whirlpool is the trainer's best friend," says Ralph Salvon of the Baltimore Orioles. It also has provided a boon to clubhouse comedians who like to slip rubber duckies into the tanks whenever photographers come around.

Bath toys aside, hydrotherapy is a serious business. Rather than risk the equivalent of dishwater hands, which might affect their grip on the ball, pitchers sometimes take the precaution of wearing rubber gloves while soaking their throwing arms. And Dean Nesmith, the University of Kansas' longtime trainer, warns that "whirlpool can be downright harmful. By letting the jet play directly on an injury, you can bruise the area and increase bleeding."

Tricky, too, is the matter of temperature. Condominium dwellers in California seem to feel that pool baths should be maintained between 100° and 108°, but trainers find that excessive heat often causes injuries to swell. After an injury they generally prefer cold treatment, sometimes in the form of a whirlpool filled with ice water. Hot whirlpool is usually withheld for 24 to 96 hours, then introduced for what Dr. Anthony Daly, physician for the U.S. track team that toured China in May, calls "long-term recuperation." Even then, some trainers seek to stimulate circulation with "contrast baths": hot whirlpool followed by ice, the cycle repeated over and over.

Hot whirlpool can also be debilitating. Some athletes have fainted after stepping out of the water, and doctors warn that even the briefest soaking just before competition can sap energy. There is also the danger of passing out right in the tank, a possibility that was vividly demonstrated when Jockey Milo Valenzuela, after being thrown at Santa Anita, took to nursing his bruised body in one of Dr. Kerlan's therapy tanks. Looking in on his patient, Kerlan was horrified to find him under water. "We had to pull him out and give him artificial respiration," Kerlan says. Of course, it may have been that the whirlpool in question was simply too big for the tiny Valenzuela: In honor of one athlete who used it often, it is still known around Kerlan's offices as the *S.S. Elgin Baylor*.

At the moment the public-relations pillar upon which the Jacuzzi whirlpool was built seems to be tottering a bit. Last year Underwriters' Laboratories, an independent watchdog for product safety, dropped its long-standing approval of portable whirlpools whose unit, motor and all, goes into the water. Jacuzzi has since introduced a new model that

continued

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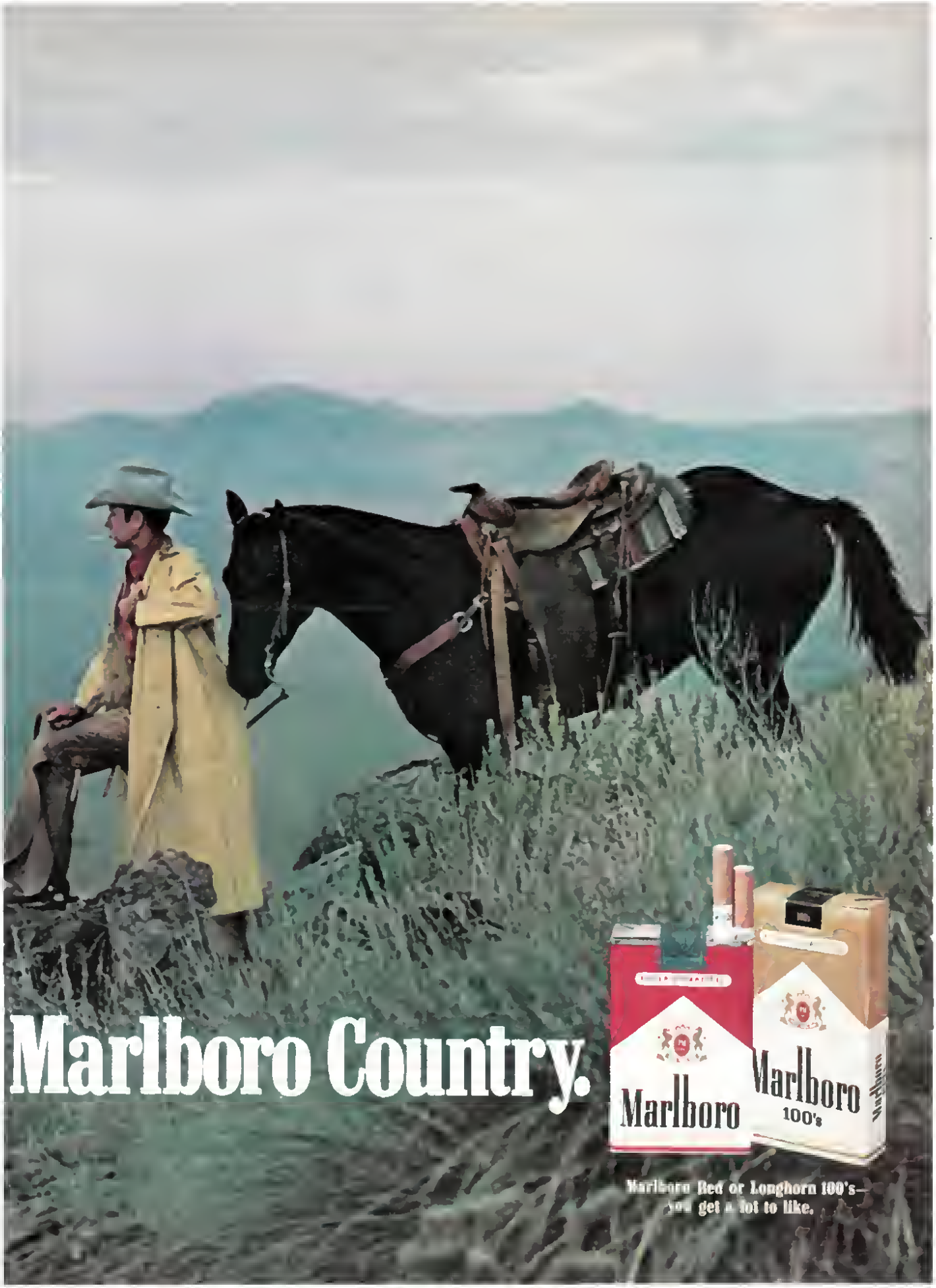
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clamps to the bathtub, the motor remaining free of the water. A few individual dealers also got in hot water with the government for some Lourdes-like claims made several years ago.

But perhaps the most embarrassing hurdle is the cloud of scandal hovering over Candido Jacuzzi. In 1969 C.J., as he is known to the family, resigned as president of Jacuzzi Brothers Inc. after being indicted by a U.S. grand jury in San Francisco on five counts of income-tax evasion. He has been a fugitive ever since, dividing his time between Italy and, more recently, the seaside Mexican resort of Puerto Vallarta, where he and his wife Inez live in a two-bedroom condominium while awaiting completion of the villa they are building on the flat, windblown coast north of town.

At 72, with wavy white hair, a great sloping forehead and a salesman's charm, C.J. cuts an Onassian figure in Puerto Vallarta. Lunching with a visitor at an oceanfront hotel, he angrily declared, "I had reasons for not facing trial but I'm guilty of nothing. *Nothing!* The government was trying to persecute me." C.J. also admitted to being unhappy about reports reaching Mexico of family friction. "I didn't sleep last night, I was so worried," he complained. "When there were just us brothers we'd put a bottle of wine on the table and solve our problems. Today there are too many of us to do that."

Perhaps he is right. The original 13 Jacuzzi brothers and sisters begat 35 children and they all married and begat children and—well, now there are nearly 300 Jacuzzis scattered to the winds. Kenny Jacuzzi, the arthritic who caused Jacuzzi to enter the business, is now living in Italy, where he heads Jacuzzi's European manufacturing subsidiary. He is just one of many second- and third-generation family members who occupy high positions in Jacuzzi Brothers Inc., but C.J.'s successor as president is Ray Horan, an outsider. It is a standing joke within the company that any Jacuzzi who tried to grab the corporate reins would be summarily devoured by next-of-kin and, in fact, it often seems that Horan's chief duty is to referee feuds among various family members.

Given the deep family involvement, it is appropriate that Jacuzzi continues to focus its marketing on the home. Candido Jacuzzi foresaw the days when there would be a whirlpool in every household, and his successors are encouraged both by the phenomenon of family "health rooms" and by an apparent trend toward the sybaritic in bathrooms, which are outfitted with saunas, gold-plated sinks and hand-carved toilet seats. Predicting that whirlpool-equipped bathtubs are the waves of the future, Giocondo Jacuzzi, a vice-president of Jacuzzi Brothers, says, "The whirlpool is like the refrigerator. People used to think they could live without the refrigerator, too, you know."

True, the uses for whirlpools have grown. The portable Jacuzzi has been used with literally mixed results—to aerate fish tanks, wash silverware and defeather chickens. It has also been urged on readers of *The Sensuous Woman* as a "heavenly" means of self-gratification. Larger tanks and tubs are employed for every imaginable communal purpose, making them almost as popular with the counterculturists as with the staid gentry, and the whirlpool division of Jacuzzi Brothers, Jacuzzi Research, recently came out with a new "tub for two." At $1,500-plus for that model orders are backed up eight to 10 weeks.

Whether alone or in groups, people find something comforting, even womblike, about sitting in warm sloshing water. A year ago Norm Bloomfield, a CPA in Encino, Calif., joined a health club and was launched into a regular program of calisthenics topped off by a few minutes in the whirlpool. With an air of helplessness Bloomfield relates today, "Soon I was spending less and less time exercising, more and more time sitting in the Jacuzzi. Now when I go to the club, all I do is sit in the Jacuzzi. There's just something about it I like."

There is also something that makes pedestrians passing Jacuzzi's showroom on Manhattan's Third Avenue stop and gaze trancelike at the window display featuring water swirling in a tub. The hope, of course, is that they will be enticed to step inside and put themselves under the spell of Showroom Manager Karel Frohlich, a courtly, European-born concert violinist. Frohlich will rhapsodize that with a Jacuzzi whirlpool, "tiny exploding bubbles dance across the skin and burst against the body." He will promise that because the force of the water flow can be adjusted—ranging, in effect, from minuet to jitterbug—the Jacuzzi can either "help cure insomnia or perk you up." He will note helpfully that adjustments can also be made in the air-to-water mixture. And he will conclude, with a flourish, "The air corresponds to vitality, the water to our basic drives."

In his best-selling novel *The Betsy*, Harold Robbins included an ode to a portable Jacuzzi. "The water began to churn and sing its soothing song. I leaned my head back against the wall behind the tub and sighed." At the onset of Watergate, Richard Nixon installed a Jacuzzi tub in his White House bathroom. That tub has been inherited by Gerald Ford, who now has a second Jacuzzi in which to escape from the cares of state: the new swimming pool on the White House lawn has Jacuzzi inlets at the shallow end.

The physical and psychic benefits of whirlpool tend to get all mixed together, like so many of those exploding, dancing, bursting air bubbles. Take the case of people who use whirlpools primarily because aerating water exerts pressure against the body—six pounds per square inch—expecting to get "passive exercise" out of it. "You just sit there—the water does the swimming," is how Anthony Spas, a manufacturer, puts it. Dr. George Schroeter, a podiatrist, once claimed in a book called *The Miracle Healing Power of Body Mechanics Therapy* that half an hour in a whirlpool provides as much exercise as 18 holes of golf. If so, a 75-year-old Chicago widow named Pauline gets in 144 holes a day while wintering in Palm Springs; she spends four hours daily in the Sun-Spot Hotel's Jacuzzi, which is known as "Pauline's pool."

On the other hand, athletes ostensibly using whirlpools for physical therapy may really be soothing the savage breast. Running Back Ed Podolak of the Kansas City Chiefs immerses himself up to his shoulders in ice water for 10 minutes the first couple of days following a game, later in the week switching to hot whirlpool. Podolak's vision of everlasting bliss is one doubtlessly shared by many athletes. "When I finally get around to building a house for myself," Podolak confides, "I'm going to install a whirlpool. Every evening when I come home from work I'm going to open a beer. Then I'll lie in the whirlpool while I drink it."

The only question is whether Podolak, once his playing days are over, will break down and start referring to his cherished whirlpool as a Jacuzzi. It seems likely. And yet, when a fellow no longer has to worry about opposing linebackers—or the rubber duckies—who knows what might happen? **END**

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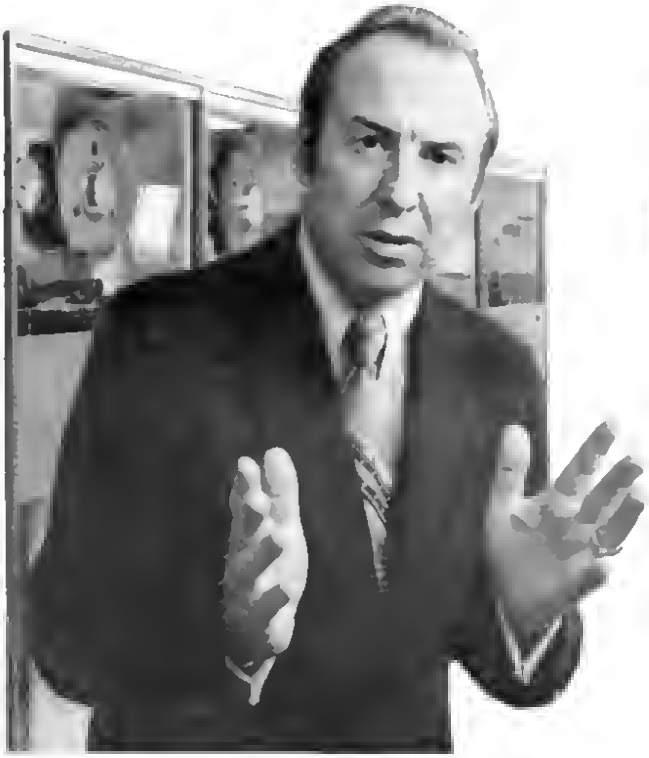

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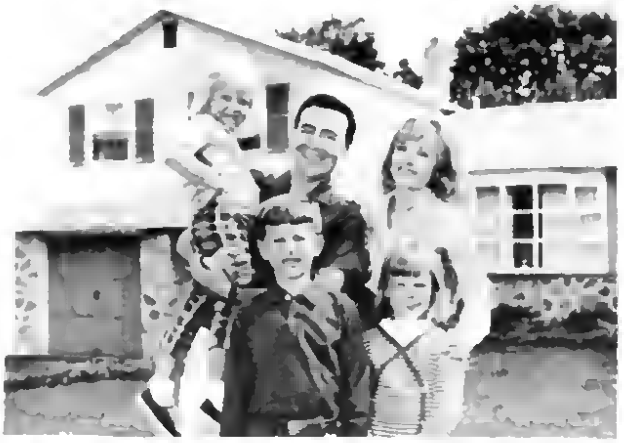

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Boston's ball of dust becomes a ball of fire

Little Denny Doyle, heretofore best known for being a dirty-uniform second baseman, hit in 22 straight games, tops in the majors this year

DOYLE SPRAYS HIS HITS TO ALL FIELDS

Near the conclusion of his, shall we say, incredible 22-game hitting streak, Denny Doyle, the Boston Red Sox' compact 31-year-old part-time second baseman, was asked by a newsman if he felt he was imperiling the record 56-game streak set by the immortal Joe DiMaggio in 1941. Doyle, a red-haired Irishman who can take a joke as well as the next streak hitter, pondered the facetious inquiry for a few moments, then replied solemnly, "No, I don't think so. I doubt if DiMaggio would be too worried if he came down to the batting cage and saw this little guy in there choking up on the bat."

Doyle, who is approximately 5'9" and 165 pounds, is one little man not afflicted with a Napoleonic complex. Instead of seeing himself doing big things, he regards himself as a master of little things. He is respected by his teammates as much for his ability to see himself for what he is and act accordingly, as for what he has actually done for them.

"I've learned what my limitations are, what I can do to help a ball club win," says he. "If I fail in some of those small things—moving the runner along, making sure things go smoothly in the infield, doing what I can to pick us up when we're down, then I'm no help at all."

Doyle has been doing all of the little things and enough of the big things with such consummate skill that his popularity in Boston rivals that of his larger teammates, Carl Yastrzemski, Carlton Fisk, Fred Lynn and Jim Rice. "Doyle is one of those ball-of-dust, dirty-uniform second basemen," wrote Boston *Globe* Columnist Leigh Montville, "one of those little-guy pests. . . ."

Doyle was acquired as "infield insurance" by the Red Sox on Friday, the 13th of June, from the California Angels for cash and a player or players to be named later. The player or players are still unspecified, although Red Sox Manager Darrell Johnson, watching Doyle bounce harmless grounders during batting practice in Oakland last week, joshed, "We're not going to give up any six-footers for that midget." Johnson needed Doyle as a backup man for his injury-prone regular second baseman, Doug Griffin, and as a general utility man. Doyle quickly gave evidence he would be much more than that when in his second game for Boston he hit a game-winning home run. It was his third hit of the season (he had gone 1 for 15 with the Angels) and it equaled his home run total of the previous season, accumulated in 147 games and 511 at bats.

Johnson platoons Doyle, a left-handed hitter, with Griffin, a righthander, but because visiting managers are loath to pitch lefthanders in Fenway Park, with its accessible left-field fence, Doyle has done most of the playing since his arrival from California. He has made the most of it. From July 12 to Aug. 5 he hit in all 22 games in which he came to bat. He missed one full game when Yankee lefthander Rudy May went the distance against the Sox and he did not come to bat in another game that he entered in the late innings as a defensive replacement for Griffin. In a few others, he substituted for Griffin so late he was limited to only one or two times at bat. Even in the games he started and finished, Doyle was not always swinging for base hits, such is his self-sacrificial nature. Batting second, he feels it necessary to "give himself up" with a sacrifice bunt or "move the runner along" by grounding to the right side

Once, attempting to do no more than advance Bernie Carbo from second to third, he accidentally hit the ball over the right-field fence. Afterward, he had to be restrained from apologizing to Johnson for such a selfish act. So on one rather esoteric level, Doyle's modest 22-gamer rivals DiMaggio's majestic 56-gamer in that Joe was never asked to do anything more than hit the ball hard. Anyway, Doyle's hitting streak is the longest in major league baseball this year.

Though assuredly selfless, Doyle did want to extend the skein. He had some anxious moments along the way. On July 31 he did not get his hit until the 10th inning. The following evening the streak seemed finished at 19 games when Boston entered the ninth inning with a 6–3 lead over Detroit, Luis Tiant pitching and Doyle hitless. But Tiant unaccountably lost his stuff and the Tigers scored four runs to move ahead 7–6. Doyle led off the bottom of the ninth with a single up the middle, then scored the tying run in what was to become an 8–7 Red Sox victory. After the game, an impish Doyle approached still-smouldering Tiant. "Luis, I appreciate what you're

continued

doing to keep my streak alive," he said, preparing to duck, "but I think in the future you should just go ahead and win the game."

During the streak, Doyle had 31 hits in 79 at bats for a .392 average. His season's average jumped from .208 to .289. He scored 16 runs and batted in 13 and he hit eight doubles and two homers. He did not strike out at all. The Red Sox won 18 of the 22 games. Curiously, Griffin seemed to thrive on his second-base rival's good fortune. Pinch-hitting for him nine times, he had seven hits and seven RBIs.

Doyle's streak was finally stopped last Tuesday, when the Orioles' Jim Palmer shut out the Sox 3–0 on two hits, neither of them Doyle's. Doyle was, in fact, the last out of the game. But he hit safely on Wednesday and Thursday, sat out Friday's game in Oakland in favor of Griffin, then returned to the lineup on Saturday with a two-run homer, his fourth of the season. A .245 hitter in his five-year big-league career with Philadelphia and the Angels, he has become one of the American League's toughest outs.

Before the Friday night game with the A's, Doyle watched from the dugout as some of his more luminous teammates took batting practice. "People would ask me during the streak if I didn't wish the pressure would end," he said. "Actually, there was no pressure on me at all. I knew with my lifetime batting average it had to come to an end. Still, I felt good about it. I'm really having fun this season. I'm hitting second, ahead of guys like Yaz and Lynn and Rice and Fisk, who can really hit. That's where I belong."

No proper Boston fan would dispute that typically humble assessment.

THE WEEK

(Aug 3-9)

by LARRY KEITH

NL WEST Despite frequent substitutions and a carefree attitude—Manager Sparky Anderson complained that one player was loafing and another was clowning around—Cincinnati ground out five more wins in six games. Three of the victories came in San Francisco, where Anderson rested three regulars a day and still won 7–5, 6–3 and 12–5. With a 15½-game lead, Sparky was looking ahead to the playoffs, naming Pitcher Don Gullett, who has been out for two months and is not expected back until next week, to start the first game.

Los Angeles took four of six as Burt Hooton had complete-game victories over Atlanta (9–1) and New York (2–0) and Davey Lopes broke Max Carey's 1922 record of 31 consecutive stolen bases in a season.

After defeating Houston in the first game of a doubleheader on Aug. 3, San Francisco was momentarily in second place, ahead of Los Angeles. Then the Giants started a six-game losing streak in which their pitchers allowed 51 runs. They were in no immediate danger of falling to fourth, however, since San Diego was losing four of six.

While Atlanta was winning four of eight, Third Baseman Darrell Evans learned there are some days you should not get out of bed, and Pitcher Carl Morton learned there are other days when you don't have to. In a doubleheader with Chicago, Evans made three errors, left eight runners stranded and was caught stealing. On Saturday, Morton got his second win of the week without making a pitch. That happened when Reliever Phil Niekro completed a game that had been suspended on June 12.

Not a single person was on hand to greet Houston's return from yet another losing road trip. "Can you believe we are this bad?" asked Tommy Helms. "There isn't even one wife here. I've been in baseball 15 years and I've never seen that happen. We must really be terrible." The shock was therapeutic, however, since the Astros (5-3) proceeded to stun Pittsburgh by winning three straight.

CIN 75-39 LA 80-33 SF 55-59
SD 53-61 ATL 31-64 HOUS 43-73

NL EAST This most competitive of divisions found itself in a genuine pennant race as front-running Pittsburgh lost five of eight games and second-place Philadelphia won four of six. Doing even better than the Phillies was third-place St. Louis (5-2), which took two of three from the Pirates and pulled to within 6½ games of the top.

Pittsburgh's margin over Philadelphia shrank to two when the Pirates managed but 15 hits in three straight losses to Houston, 6–1, 5–3 and 5–0. Mike Schmidt's five home runs highlighted the Phillies' week. Two of them came in a 13–5 defeat of Chicago, in which Philadelphia scored 10 runs on 10 hits in the first inning. "Our guys were hitter-ish," said Outfielder Jay Johnstone. Dick Allen seemed his old self. After his ninth-inning single beat San Francisco 5–4, he said, "Don't bother talking to me."

St. Louis Reliever Al Hrabosky got his 15th and 16th saves in the Cardinals' two wins over the Pirates. Lou Brock, out with a bad ankle since July 21, returned to full-time duty and went 5 for 7 in his first two starts. Brock's 2,500th career hit helped Lynn McGlothen beat San Diego 6–1. McGlothen, a real night owl, is 2-6 in day games and 10-2 under the lights.

Not even a managerial change—Roy McMillan for Yogi Berra—could prevent New York (2-7) from falling to fourth place. Yogi and the Mets were done in by doubleheader losses to both Pittsburgh and Montreal.

Although Bill Madlock, the National League's leading hitter, missed most of the week with a bad back, Chicago still won five of nine. Gene Hiser was the star of a 3–1 defeat of Atlanta, driving in the winning run with a single and protecting the lead with a sliding catch.

Montreal Manager Gene Mauch dampened the fire building around him by directing the Expos to four wins in eight games. Woodie Fryman, usually a starter, notched a win and a save in two relief appearances.

PITT 66-48 PHIL 64-50 ST. L 59-54
NY 32-53 CHI 54-63 MONT 48-63

AL WEST Three weeks ago, Kansas City trailed Oakland by 11 games and Bay Area talk was of magic numbers and playoff ticket orders. Now the margin is 6½, and the charging Royals are beginning to think they have a chance. "We're having more fun than anytime since I've been here," said Paul Splittorff after pitching his second victory of the week and Kansas City's sixth in seven games. Splittorff's first win was a one-hit 5–0 victory over Oakland in which he retired 26 consecutive batters; the other was a 10–2 rout of Minnesota. Al Fitzmorris beat the Twins 6–1 with a two-hitter after Manager Whitey Herzog suggested he work faster. The Royals were also getting unaccustomed power. With home runs in nine straight games, four by John Mayberry, the club surpassed last season's total of 89. Mayberry says he has been hitting more homers because he's been drinking more beer. "I was trying to keep my weight down because I wanted to do some running, steal me some bases. But running just ain't me. I get paid to hit. After I went nothing for four one day I got myself a beer and I'm sure back to it now." Twenty-five homers worth.

Oakland (3-5) scored only seven runs while losing four of five games before exploding against Texas 10–1. Billy Williams smacked two home runs, his 15th and 16th, Joe Rudi busted a grand slam and Vida Blue pitched a four-hitter. The next night, against Boston, the bats were still again, as Reggie Cleveland had a no-hitter into the seventh inning. Then Reggie Jackson and Gene Tenace homered, their 28th and 17th respectively, and the A's won 3–2.

"Oakland isn't doing so hot," said Chicago Manager Chuck Tanner. Neither, un-

continued

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fortunately, were his White Sox, who lost five of nine. Their best hitting and pitching came in the same game, an 11–1 defeat of California in which Jim Kaat threw a five-hitter and Bill Melton drove in five runs.

Texas (5-3) got two wins from Ferguson Jenkins (14-12) and five home runs from Roy Howell, who took over at third base 10 games ago. Moves like that won a year's extension to Manager Frank Lucchesi's contract.

Minnesota took four of eight, all the losses coming on a disastrous visit to Kansas City. California (3-5) also lost four in a row before Ed Figueroa's pitching and Adrian Garrett's hitting beat the Yankees 8–1.

OAK 70-44 KC 63-50 CHI 52-58
TEX 55-60 MINN 51-65 CAL 50-66

AL EAST Boston began to cool off and Baltimore was hot on its trail. The Orioles, baseball's best team since the All-Star break with 21 wins in 27 games, followed a Sunday loss to Milwaukee with seven straight triumphs. Two of the victories came where they were needed most, in Boston, Baltimore having lost ground to the Red Sox while rising from fourth to second in the standings. The Orioles charged from five runs down to take the first one 12–8, as Don Baylor went 5 for 5, and then Jim Palmer threw a two-hitter to win 3–0. "That's the way I'm supposed to pitch," said Palmer. Later against Chicago he won his 17th, with relief from busy Dyar Miller.

After losing twice to Baltimore, Boston's Carlton Fisk said, "It was getting awfully quiet on the bench." But the Red Sox (4-3) made plenty of noise in Milwaukee, winning twice, as Reliever Jim Willoughby and Starter Rick Wise continued to sparkle. Wise's 4–2 victory was his eighth straight, giving him a 15-6 record.

New York (5-3) advanced only half a game, despite Doc Medich's two wins over Cleveland, 12–1 and 6–3. Bobby Bonds' 22nd home run helped Catfish Hunter beat Milwaukee 4–3 for his 15th, but Hunter fell apart later against California, losing 8–1.

When a two-alarm fire broke out in a storage room at Milwaukee's County Stadium, someone said, "Too bad it wasn't set under the Brewers." Fair enough, since Milwaukee has lost nine of 10 and six of seven last week. Following a 6–4 defeat by Texas, Manager Del Crandall was incensed. "A terrible exhibition of baseball," he steamed. The next day the Brewers lost again, 4–2.

Cleveland enjoyed the week, winning five of eight. Two of the victories were against Detroit, which dropped eight more to extend its losing streak to a club-record 14. The record breaker, a 1–0 win by Minnesota, came on Manager Ralph Houk's 56th birthday.

BOS 69-42 BALT 62-50 NY 59-54
MIL 53-62 CLEV 51-60 DET 48-69

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Foreground, left to right: Granada Ghia 4-door Sedan. Mustang II Ghia. Elite. Background: Thunderbird.

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Up to the same old tricks

Don Shula intended to pass, but his Dolphins were a grind again

When Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid were riding high, the meat-and-potatoes play for the Miami Dolphins was something known around the huddle as an 18 or 19 straight. Hardly an intricate maneuver, the play called for the fullback—Larry Csonka, a.k.a. the Sundance Kid—to follow the halfback—Jim Kiick, a.k.a. Butch Cassidy—and a horde of pulling linemen in or around either the eight hole (right tackle) or the nine hole (left tackle), then bolt upfield through the first available gap in the defense.

"We used to run 18 or 19 straight about 90% of the time in crucial yardage situations," Center Jim Langer said last week. "We dared people to stop us, just like the Green Bay Packers dared teams to stop Paul Hornung on their power sweep behind Fuzzy Thurston and Jerry Kramer and everyone else. I remember a game last season when we lined up for an 18 straight against Cincinnati, and Mike Reid of the Bengals yelled, 'Hey, you guys aren't going to run that same play again, are you?' Sure, teams knew what we were going to do, but we executed the play so well—and Zonk was such a great ballcarrier—that they couldn't stop us."

So, with Csonka and Kiick having departed Miami for Memphis of the World Football League, the Dolphins understandably spent a lot of time last week wondering if they would suffer a severe case of identity crisis in Saturday night's exhibition opener against Cincinnati in the Orange Bowl. "The first thing we'll have to do," Langer said, "is find out which plays work best for our new backs. Maybe we'll even end up throwing the ball more than we used to. Who knows right now?"

Coach Don Shula thought he had the answer stashed somewhere among the hundreds of complicated diagrams and charts in Miami's new playbook. Instead of running the ball 75% of the time on first down, instead of running the ball on two of every three plays, instead of destroying the opposition with Csonka and old No. 18 or 19 straight, the Dolphins, Shula suggested, would now become a more balanced team and pass the ball 50% of the time even though Paul Warfield, Miami's premier receiver, had defected to the WFL with Butch and Sundance.

"Compared to other NFL clubs, our attack obviously was way out of balance," Shula admitted. "All because of that Larry Csonka. Believe me, losing Csonka hurts more than anything. Kiick had become a part-time player—although a good part-time player, particularly on third downs—and we faced the loss of Warfield anyway because he was not happy with our accent on the running game, in fact, Warfield might not be here with us now even if he had not signed with the WFL. But Csonka. The guy never fumbled. I don't think he fumbled five times in five years. Or look at it this way: with Csonka in the lineup, we always had a no-error offense."

Shula stopped talking for a moment, then began to grin. "You know," he said, "I really had to chuckle the other day when I read where that Memphis owner John Bassett was complaining that the WFL had taken the skin off his back by moving his general manager to the Chicago franchise. They took the skin off his back? Well, what do you think Bassett did to me?"

To replace Csonka, Shula promoted Don Nottingham and acquired Norm Bulaich from Johnson & Johnson's Philadelphia taping room. To replace Kiick as Miami's third-down specialist he acquired veteran Donny Anderson, a competent blocker, pass catcher and short-distance runner from St. Louis for disgruntled Wide Receiver Marlin Briscoe. To replace Warfield at wide receiver he is using a combination of wily Howard Twilley and second-year speedster Mel Baker.

No, Shula firmly insisted. Bob Griese, that dauntless Sears, Roebuck representative, would not become a running quarterback. Yes, the speedy Nat Moore, who destroyed the opposition's double coverage on Warfield last season by catching a team-high 37 passes as a rookie, would be Miami's "big-play guy," even though at 5'9½" he is not very big. And, yes, Benny Malone would start ahead of Mercury Morris at running back. Last year Mercury went into eclipse and was suspended for a few days after he had a minor falling-out with Shula over the conditioning program he was using—or not using—to rehabilitate his injured knee. Enter Malone, whose bowlegged, high-stepping, flat-footed gait could easily get him a job crushing grapes in Monti Chianti. Benny is faster than Mercury. Call him Laser.

"If I don't pick up 100 yards per game behind this line," Malone said, "I'm just going through the motions." Benny and his brother Art, who plays for Philadelphia, are the sons of migrant farmers in the Southwest. "When I was six years old," he said, "I picked cotton, potatoes and watermelon for like 60¢ an hour. We sacked onions in 110° heat, crying like babies. Football's a breeze compared to working those fields."

For the game against the Bengals, Shula decided to begin his "search for our identity" by starting Nottingham alongside Malone and then working Bulaich with Morris, saving Anderson for third-and-long-yardage plays. "Nottingham is a more punishing blocker than Csonka," Shula said, "and Bulaich gets outside quicker than Csonka because he has halfback speed and feet. But let's face it, neither one of them will give us what Csonka did once he had his hands on the football." Clearly, what Shula no doubt will take right now is a combination Nottingham-Bulaich season to equal the average 1,000-yard Csonka schedule.

Nottingham, who claims to be 5'9¾" tall, weighs 215 pounds, speaks in a squeaky voice and answers to the name "Bowling Ball" because of his similar proportions, gallantly insists that "With Boo and me the Dolphins will not be hurt at the position."

Working out with Griese in training camp Nottingham ran into an unexpected problem. "Zonk's five or six inches taller than me," he said, "so his pocket for a hand-off is five or six inches higher than mine. Once Griese handed the ball off to my windpipe. Now we're working at it." Bulaich's problem is that he usually spends a great part of each season on the injured list because of recurring hamstring and muscle pulls.

continued

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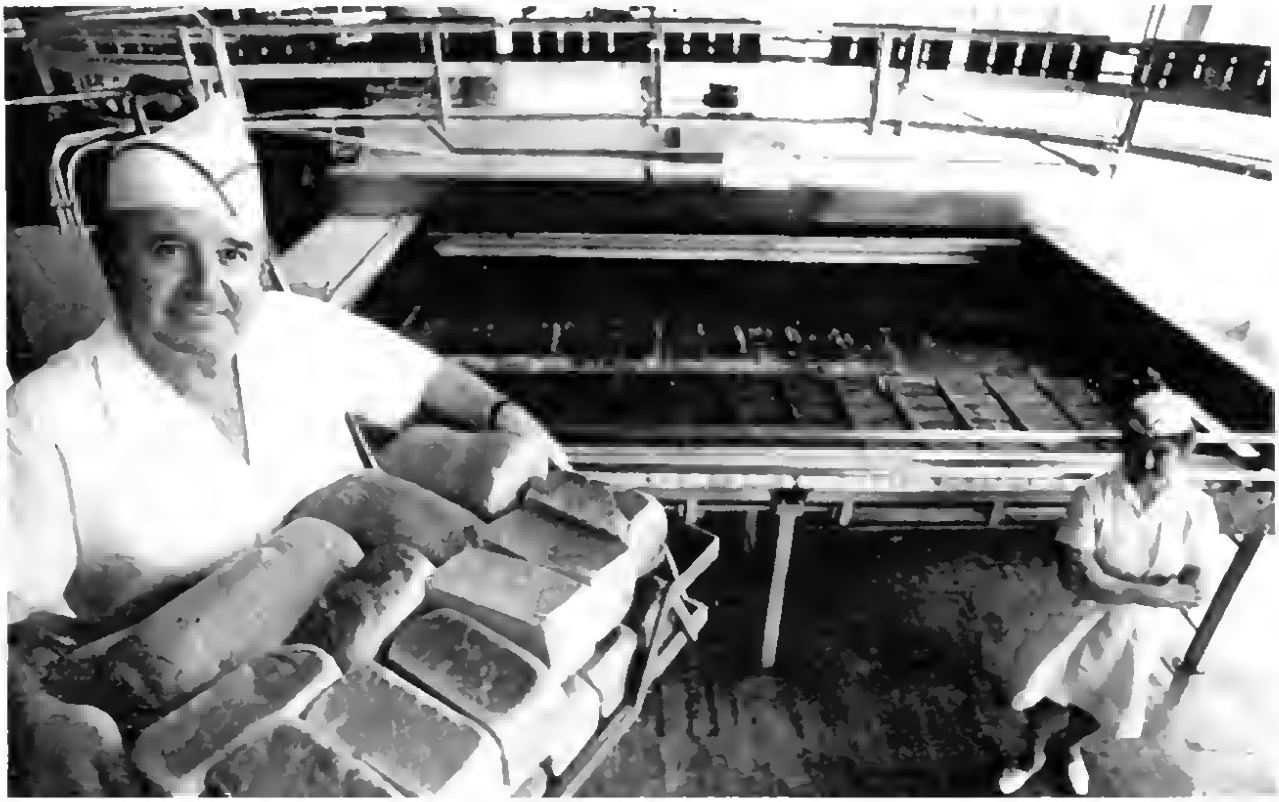

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On Miami's first play against Cincinnati, Griese totally stunned the 58,017 Dol-fans by throwing deep over the middle to Tight End Jim Mandich. Forget that the pass was broken up by Cincinnati Safetyman Tommy Casanova. Griese passing on first down was like George Allen trading for a draft choice. On the next play, though, Nottingham went over the left side on a delay for 11 yards and a first down, knocking off tacklers like Csonka, and on the sideline Shula began to scratch his chin. Pass goes incomplete. Guy in Csonka's position runs for 11 yards. Hmmm. Snap decision. The Dolphins had 25 more first-down plays the rest of the game, and despite Shula's prediction that they would pass 50% of the time, they ran the ball 20 times and passed only five.

What was different, however, was Miami's strategy on third-down plays, particularly those for short yardage. In the old days, like last year, Csonka invariably ran 18 or 19 straight for a first down when the Dolphins needed one. Against Cincinnati, Miami was confronted with 10 third-down plays. Eight times the Dolphins tried to pass for the first down—and eight times they failed. Twice they ran for the first down—and twice they made it. In all they tried 34 rushes and 19 passes.

The Bengals halted Miami drives by intercepting Griese twice in the first half—once in the end zone, once at the 10—when Baker slipped while running his patterns. Baker also dropped two perfect passes while in the clear. Then, in the fourth quarter with the Dolphins trailing 3-0, Shula called on 41-year-old Earl Morrall for quick relief. Seven plays and 58 yards later Morrall flipped a 10-yard touchdown strike to Nat Moore just inside the sideline of the end zone, and after Garo Yepremian's kick, Miami led 7-3.

As the clock ticked away, Malone and Nottingham maintained ball control with strong running up the middle, and on Miami's final series Nottingham went 19 straight for 12 yards, followed quickly by 18 straight for 15 yards and the gun exploded.

In the dressing room Shula studied the statistics: Nottingham, 78 yards in 12 carries; Malone, 71 yards in 13 carries; Miami, 177 yards on the ground and 86 through the air. "I guess it looks as though we're going to be a running team again this year," he said. **END**

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A hurried peek at Pikes

English fell runner Joss Naylor and 349 fellow masochists ran 13 miles to the summit of the famous peak, wheeled around and plunged back down

Two days before taking part in the most strenuous marathon race in the world, Joss Naylor rode the cogwheel train to the top of Pikes Peak. He sat just beneath the 14,110-foot summit and looked down at the barren slopes of shale, or scree, as it is known in the North of England, and at the narrow trail that zigzags through dusty-pink rocks and around precariously balanced boulders. The trail came into view more than a thousand feet below, where a craggy cliff shields a 1,500-foot drop called The Cirque, carved by a glacier in the Ice Age. Beyond, Naylor could see the verdant lower ridges covered with blue spruce, and still farther down, Colorado Springs as an expanse of tiny dots and, in the hazy distance, the beginning of the plains of Kansas. Clouds brushed the wooded hills like mammoth feather dusters, occasionally revealing two or three lakes. And Naylor said, "For four years I have been wanting to come here to see for myself how beautiful Colorado really is."

Naylor had arrived earlier in the week in Manitou Springs, a tourist town at the foot of Mount Manitou, a 9,455-foot neighbor of the grand peak. While his exploits as a fell, or mountain, runner (SI, July 28) had taken him above 4,000 feet in Scotland and to 9,000 feet in Switzerland, he had never experienced the dizziness that had now overcome him while running above 12,000 feet in Colorado. In training for the Pikes Peak Marathon the 39-year-old sheep farmer from the English Lake District had pushed himself up the 13-mile trail three times. It took him three hours on Tuesday, when he was forced to walk the last 2,000 feet; two hours and 40 minutes on Wednesday, running all the way; and two hours, 15 minutes on Thursday when he stopped at 13,000 feet.

"I could feel the blood thump in the back of me head," he was saying now. "I just couldn't get enough oxygen in me lungs. You are not going at your maximum, fast-like. I know I don't have a chance against the local chaps. I'll be about 40 minutes slower than at a lower level. If I come within 30 minutes of the lucky lad who wins, I'm happy."

Naylor pointed to a nose-dive slope of scree that looked as if it would turn into a deadly avalanche at the slightest touch. "I could run down that and pick up quite a few chaps," he said. Naylor held up a small rock. "It's for a friend back home, Eric Roberts. He raised the money for me trip, about £600, half of it from IBM United Kingdom Limited. He's a fell runner, too, and he said to me, 'I want you to do me a favor, laddie. Fetch me a bit of rock back from the summit of Pikes Peak.'

"I don't mind losing if I can finish respectably. I want to make fell running an international sport. There are so many good athletes that have dedicated themselves to running hills. They should be able to compete more."

Naylor was already lending a special glamour to the 20-year-old marathon. Strangers rushed up to him in the streets of Manitou Springs, eager to shake hands. "Are you the Englishman?" they asked, and the inevitable question was put to him by a hefty lady who inquired, "Why do you want to do it?"

"Because I'm in top condition," Naylor replied.

The Ute Indians must have climbed the mountain many hundred years earlier, but Lieut. Zebulon M. Pike of the U.S. Army was credited with having "discovered" it in 1806 when he attempted its ascent and was stopped by waist-deep snow. Pike remarked that no mortal man would ever climb to the top, yet 14 years later three men managed to do so. The Barr Trail, on which the marathon is run, was the work of Fred Barr, who between 1921 and 1923 shoveled his way up so that he could start a business, leading tourists on burros to his Barr Camp cabins at 10,200 feet and proceeding the next morning to the peak for a splendid sunrise.

WINNER TRUJILLO PICKS HIS WAY UP THE ROCKY MOUNTAIN

A race on the trail was held in 1936, but it was not until August 1956 that the first 26-mile marathon (385 yards short of the standard distance) took place, from the cogwheel-train depot at 6,571 feet to the top and back down. Ten nonsmokers had challenged four smokers, and only four, all nonsmokers, finished. Since then the marathon has been an annual affair organized by Rudy Fahl, who has been up the trail 140 times, including 13 races, but who is, at 77, no longer a competitor.

The race starts with a steep three-mile climb, winding through scrub oak up Mount Manitou before

continued

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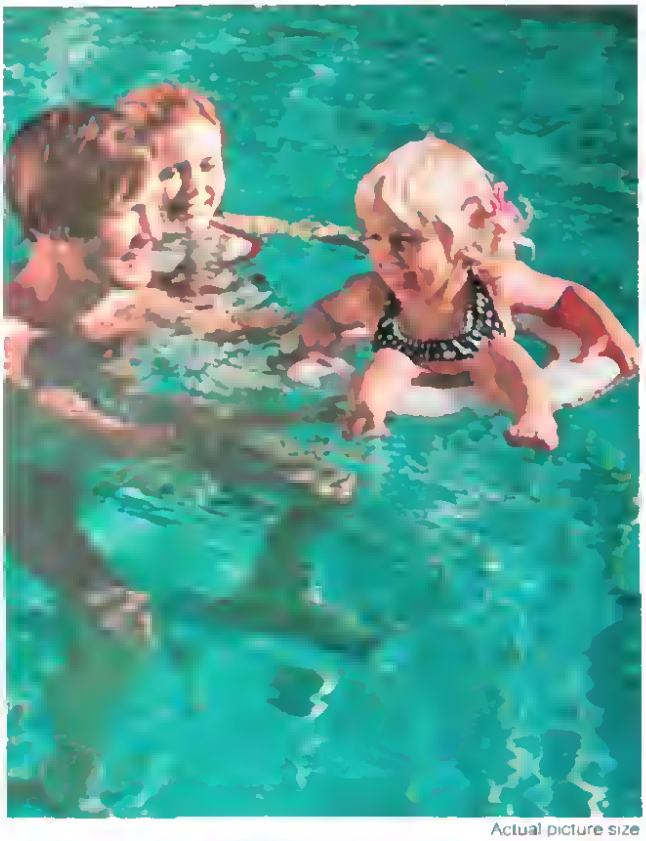

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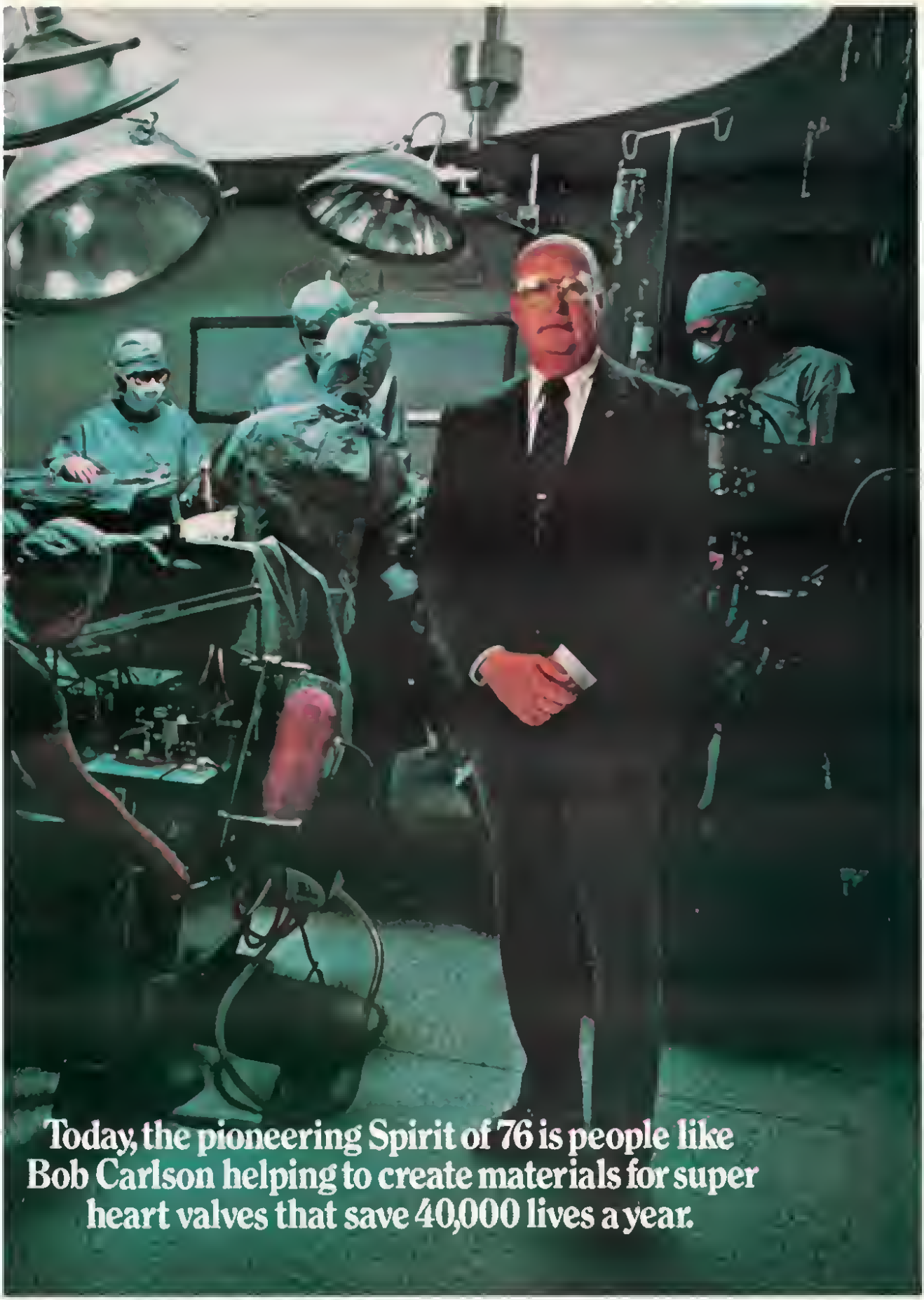
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SIXTH-PLACE NAYLOR GETS A HOWDY-DO

the runners can stop for a drink from French Creek. Then there are four miles of flat terrain shaded by aspens and blue spruce, allowing for a fast pace. After Barr Camp, the halfway point which offers the first view of Pikes Peak, the trail climbs rapidly again. Two miles of switchbacks lead to the Forest Service's A-frame shelter. Just above it, the runners pass through the Dismal Forest, a cemetery of gray twisted tree trunks left from a fire half a century ago. At 12,000 feet, the timberline falls behind and the rock-strewn wasteland opens up with patches of moss and lichens and pillows of snow. (This year it snowed heavily 10 days before the race.) Just above the Dismal Forest a bronze plaque serves as a reminder that Mrs. G. Inestine B. Roberts made her 14th ascent at the age of 88 in 1957 and that she died of exposure on the way down. Farther on, The Cirque looms to the left, and then the trail rises on the last precipitous slope in tight, grueling switchbacks that are rather inappropriately called "The 16 Golden Stairs."

While most of the runners stayed in rustic motels such as the Van Horne Cottages, which offered a complimentary spaghetti dinner on the eve of the race, Naylor found free accommodations in a large house up the hill, a rehabilitation center called the Stillpoint Foundation, run by Gia-fu Feng, a barechested, barefooted Chinese with a graying Confucius beard. It is Gia-fu Feng's calling to teach Taoism, and every morning Naylor found him and a dozen students meditating on the living-room floor. One dry, hot day he asked them to perform a rain dance, and the Taoists began swaying their arms. The rain came that very night. Naylor learned, however, that Taoists are strict vegetarians, and after a couple of days on a diet of organically grown vegetables and strange teas, he went downtown for a chicken dinner.

Saturday, though, Feng surprised him with a bowl of cooked ground beef which tasted delicious. "I'm also the spiritual trail master of the race," said Feng, "and I know runners need meat." He then proceeded to show Naylor a line in one of the books he had written on Taoism. It read: "Accept what is in front of you without wanting the situation to be other than it is." It seemed appropriate advice before the race.

This year 350 competitors (half of them from Colorado), including 35 women, had arrived for the marathon. They formed a mixed group of serious runners, joggers and hikers. Anybody reaching the top after six hours would not be officially timed. Rick Trujillo, a 27-year-old geologist from Ouray, Colo., was the favorite, since he works above 9,000 feet at the Camp Bird Mine and had won the two previous races, setting the round-trip record of 3:36:40. Chuck Smead, a 24-year-old Californian, hoped to better his record to the top of 2:07:38. Then there was Walt Stack, a 67-year-old hod carrier from San Francisco called the Iron Man because he won his age group four times. The oldest starter was 83-year-old Lady Brenda Ueland from Minneapolis, who had been knighted by King Haakon II of Norway.

Race day was bright and sunny, and after the runners had disappeared into the woods at 7:30 a.m. the spectators drove up the highway to the summit. Sonja and Roland Ljungkvist, a Swedish couple who had been Naylor's hosts during his first few days of acclimatization in Boulder, Colo., awaited him with a bottle of lime-flavored Acolade, the English equivalent of Gatorade. First to reach the peak was Trujillo, lifting his knees easily. His ascent time of 2:01:47 broke Smead's record by almost six minutes, and he turned immediately to start down. When Naylor finally came into view he was in 18th place. He was jogging slowly with a stagger, his body bent over like that of a man twice his age, his hands almost touching the path, and the salt lost in perspiration had formed a white crust around his mouth. It had taken him two hours, 41 minutes and five seconds to reach the top, and he sat down, his eyes lifeless, reaching for his Acolade. He drank it very slowly. Suddenly he jumped to his feet, a fresh spark in his eyes, and bounded down the trail as ungainly—and as fast—as a giraffe.

It was 87° in Manitou Springs by the time Trujillo reached the finish in 3:31:05, breaking his record for the round trip, his left shoulder and knee skinned from a fall at Barr Camp. "Every year I forget how painful this run is," he said. "I feel sorry for Naylor. I run above 10,000 feet all the time. He is at such a disadvantage and he has so much pressure on him." To everyone's surprise Naylor finished sixth, 36 minutes and 17 seconds behind Trujillo, who hurried to shake Naylor's hand. "I know how you feel," he said.

"Aye, I'm all done in," said Naylor. "Right from the start, me legs felt heavy. I was about 30th at Barr Camp, but I got into a nice steady rhythm and caught a few chaps going up and a few more coming down." He pulled off a bloodied sock. "I knew I had to suffer to do well. All the way down, the blood in me head was going thump, thump and I kept looking round whether anybody was catching me but there was nobody behind."

Later, in a telephone interview with BBC London, he said cheerily, "I was sixth, pretty good for an old man, and could you ring the wife and tell her I had a good run and I would be home Tuesday night nine o'clockish?" Then he joined Stack's post-race party, lifting many cans of Coors and swapping jokes with the Iron Man like a local chap. In the middle of the night, when his legs were rather unsteady going up the hill to Feng's, he kept wondering whether it was the altitude that affected him or the drinks. **END**

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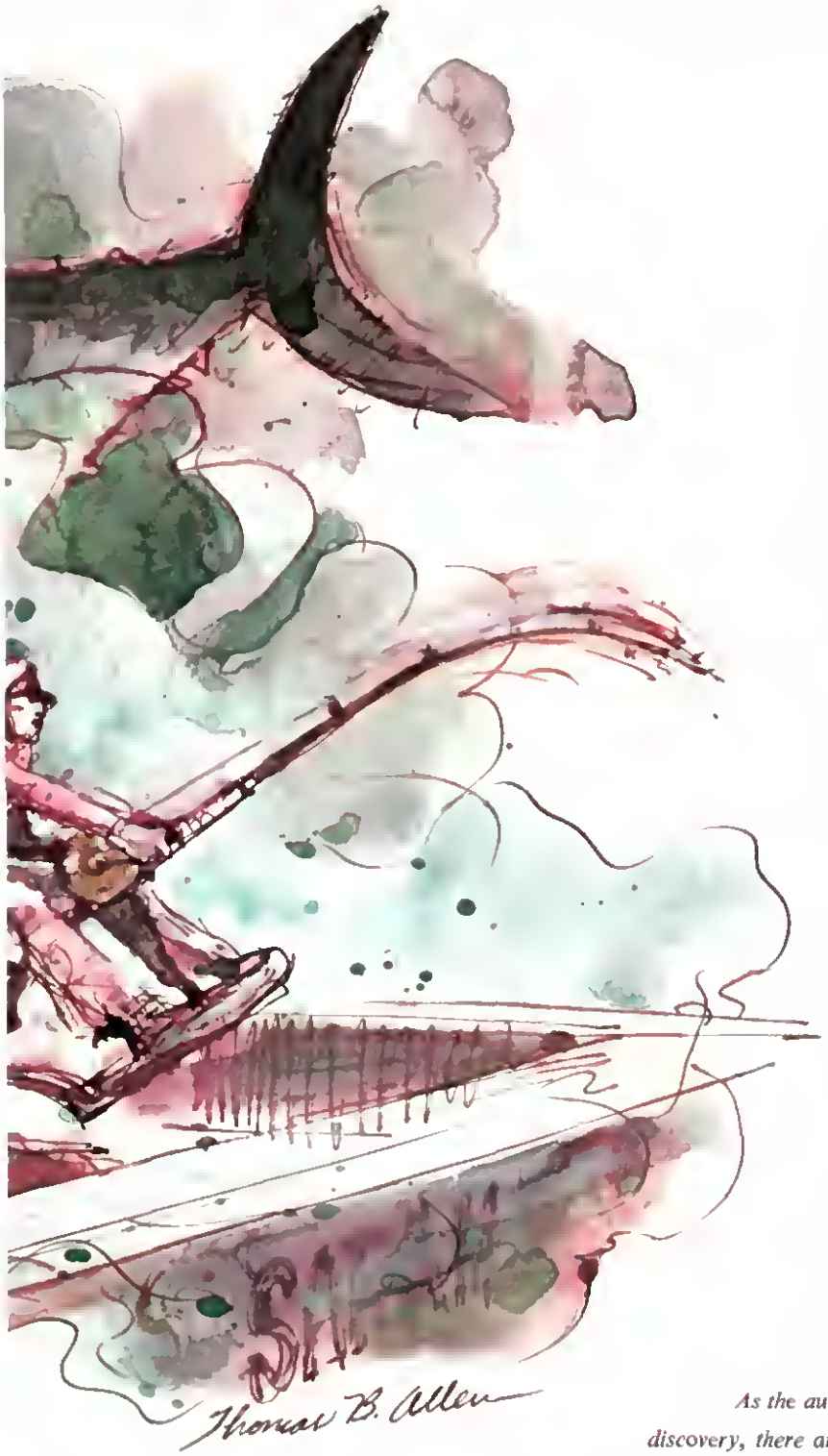

# of fishing

As the author found on a fictionalized voyage of discovery, there are no anglers more single-minded than those who passionately pursue the giant bluefin tuna

BY GEORGE PACKARD

I was sitting in the bar of the Mattakeese Wharf in my cutoff dungaree shorts and denim shirt with one button. Bob lets me come in looking like that because I'm the only writer around Barnstable now that Vonnegut's gone. It's a classy bar and restaurant and I used to feel a little strange there in the afternoon nursing a Michelob as all those ladies with frozen hair sipped their Bloody Marys. But Bob has the only draught beer in town, and I go there for that.

Anyway, I was sitting there not talking to anyone because there's never anybody to talk to in there when this young guy comes around the corner from the dining room. He looked right at me as if he knew me, but I'd never seen him before in my life.

"You're George Packard," he said.

"That's me," I said.

"I'm Paul Cunningham. I've read your stuff."

"Did you like it?"

"Yeah, I like it fine," he said.

"You don't sound like you like it much," I said.

"Well, you don't know about fishing," he said and sat down on the barstool next to mine.

I thought I did. I've had a rod or line in my hand since I was five years old in Maine, bottom fishing in Casco Bay with my grandfather and trout fishing all over the state with my uncles. I'd caught cunner, pollock, codfish, mackerel, sculpin, pickerel, bass and perch. When I was nine years old I caught a five-pound bass in a trout stream on a flyrod and had to go in after him. But now I was a

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striped-bass fisherman, and that is something all by itself.

"There's all kinds of fishing," I said.

"No, there isn't," he said. "There's all kinds of fish but only one kind of *fishing*. That's why I've been looking for you. How would you like to see what *real* fishing is?"

There had been a little bit of something that had gotten to me about this guy, so I said, "I'd like to see it."

He looked up from where he was making circles with the bottom of his beer glass. "Well, you can," he said. "And all you have to do for seeing it is to write about it."

"I only write what I want."

"You'll want to write about this."

"Why?"

"Because it's what you want to know about, the real thing. It's Tittle on his knees, the Pearl down a point with 10 seconds to go, Hull busting through at the blue line, Jackie Robinson dancing down the third-base line."

I began to wonder how in hell this young guy knew about Jackie Robinson on third but I said, "You know as much as I do," and he said, "Yeah, but I can't write."

We were going in the morning, early. I was told the boat was berthed in the Barnstable Marina and she was called the *Sarah*.

It was still cold when I crossed the bay in the dark. I listened for the gulls but there weren't any yet, and then I came to the entrance marker and started down the marina channel standing up in my bass boat, looking for a transom reading *Sarah*. Everything was quiet in the early dark, with the water black and flat, and I throttled the motor down as far as it would go and went as slow as I could along the line of big motor cruisers. I found the *Sarah*, just as false dawn was breaking, in the last slip on the left. Her outriggers went up and out like wings and the bright clothespins near the tops that held the trolling lines stood out like little red birds. The white nylon cords came down from the outriggers and billowed out and when I got closer the *Sarah* sparkled all over in white and brown and silver from drops of dew.

I picked up my old piece of oar and paddled into the dock, tied my boat to a piling and climbed up. Then I could see down into the *Sarah*'s stern. It was wide and empty except for the chair turned to face the transom, and the deck underneath the white and silver fighting chair was polished like the top of a baby grand piano.

One of the doors to the main cabin was open and I could see a woman's leg in pink silk pants and a foot in a satin slipper, so I tentatively called down.

"Hello?"

"Good morning, Mr. Packard, please come aboard," she said, and I climbed down onto the railing and then to the deck and stepped into the main cabin.

It was big and open like a living room, with windows on two sides and glass doors and a carpet, and the woman was sitting in a rattan chair. She had a saucer with a cup on it in her left hand.

"I'm Sarah Cunningham," she said and smiled.

She was somewhere between my mother and my grandmother with her hair a little longer than either of them. It was pulled back and tied with a pink scarf and she held the cup in a way so you knew that it was tea and not coffee.

"Please sit down, Mr. Packard. Would you like a cup of coffee?"

I said I would and sat down in a cane-bottomed chair. She brought me the coffee and I went into my usual panic. I can tie a barrel knot in 12-pound-test monofilament in the dark with a boat rocking, but I can't sit in a chair, hold a saucer and cup of coffee and talk to a lady without spilling it. It usually just goes into the saucer and then dribbles on my pants' leg from the bottom of the cup. I've even dumped the whole thing in my lap a couple of times, but Mrs. Cunningham held her saucer and drank from the cup the way Katharine Hepburn could in a hurricane.

"Paul told me you were going with us today," she said.

"He said we were going fishing," I said.

"We are," she said. "We go every day."

I wanted to ask her if she didn't get bored going fishing every day and maybe find out what kind of fishing this was going to be, but she seemed more interested in me than anything else, and before I got done talking she knew a whole lot more about me than most people.

After a while I heard some voices and in a few minutes Paul came in and then an older man who turned out to be his father.

"Call me Don," the elder Cunningham said, and he went over to the transmitter-receiver and turned it on. It was already tuned to whatever frequency he was interested in. He walked into the room and over to the radio as though he did it every morning of his life, the way a man pulls on his socks.

He talked to Paul about the weather report and which way the sea would be running off Highland Light and then he turned to me.

"Have you done much sport fishing, Mr. Packard?" he asked and I said I had never done any on a boat like this one.

"We use her to catch tuna fish," he said.

I knew, of course, that people did catch tuna fish on rod and reel, the same as I knew they caught marlin and sailfish and swordfish, but all I had ever seen were pictures, and when I thought about tuna fish, I usually thought about it in cans.

"Do you know about the bluefin tuna, Mr. Packard?" I said, "Please call me George" and had this crazy thought flash through my head about chickens swimming around in the sea, and bumblebees, and I knew that I didn't know a bluefin tuna from a pound of lox and that this was no place to fake it.

"No," I said. "I wouldn't know a bluefin from Charlie the. . . ."

"As a matter of fact," he said, "they don't have blue fins at all. They have almost black fins. Linnacus named it *Thunnus thynnus*, and it is the most abundant of teleostean fish, commonly reaching weights of over 500 pounds."

What weighs 500 pounds? As a striper fisherman I generally thought in terms one-tenth as large. Does a refrigerator weigh 500 pounds? I guess most pianos must, and an elephant, certainly. For a second I wondered how I would feel if an elephant breached next to the boat. But what really got me was the word "commonly." If bluefin tuna were like that most of the time, how big were the ones that weren't so common?

"It's a very peculiar fish," he said. "They're found all around the world in temperate and subtropical waters. Some move to the tropics in the winter and some are found above the Arctic Circle in the summer. Three of them tagged off Bimini, 50 miles from Miami, were caught less than three months later off Bergen, Norway. They swam 4,200 nautical miles in less than three months.

That's more than 46 miles a day. Scientists have just learned where they spawn. The bluefins require vast amounts of food. In the summer they increase their body weight by 7.5% a month."

I tried to do 7.5% of 500 pounds times June, July and August in my head but I couldn't, so I said, "What do they eat?"

"The fish of the herring family, mostly," he said. "The giant bluefin is very voracious, with only one natural enemy, the killer whale. If you see the whales, you always know there are bluefin tuna."

"And if there aren't any killer whales around? How do you know where the tuna fish are then? Do you just go out and start in the middle of the ocean?"

"We have somebody who helps us with that," he said, and got up from the table. "Please excuse me. We have to start." He went out through the main cabin onto the stern and climbed the ladder to the flying bridge.

Paul and I followed him out to the stern, and then, in the same matter-of-fact manner, Paul disappeared forward. The sun was just up and clear of the trees and houses and sat by itself in the blue sky. It was going to be some hot day in Boston, I thought, and took a big breath of cool air that in the early mornings on Cape Cod smells like a perfect gin and tonic.

Up on the flying bridge, Mr. Cunningham hit the button, and the starter motors tried to turn, slowed for a second and then the big diesels caught, in their characteristically fretful way, and when they had started to run smoothly, he throttled them down to the steady bass, that idle that always sounds as if it could go on forever. He backed the *Sarah* into the channel, put her into forward gear and pushed the throttles up a touch. The engines picked up as if they were perhaps a little interested in where we were going, like a couple of fat, old bird dogs lying on the rug watching somebody take a gun down from the rack.

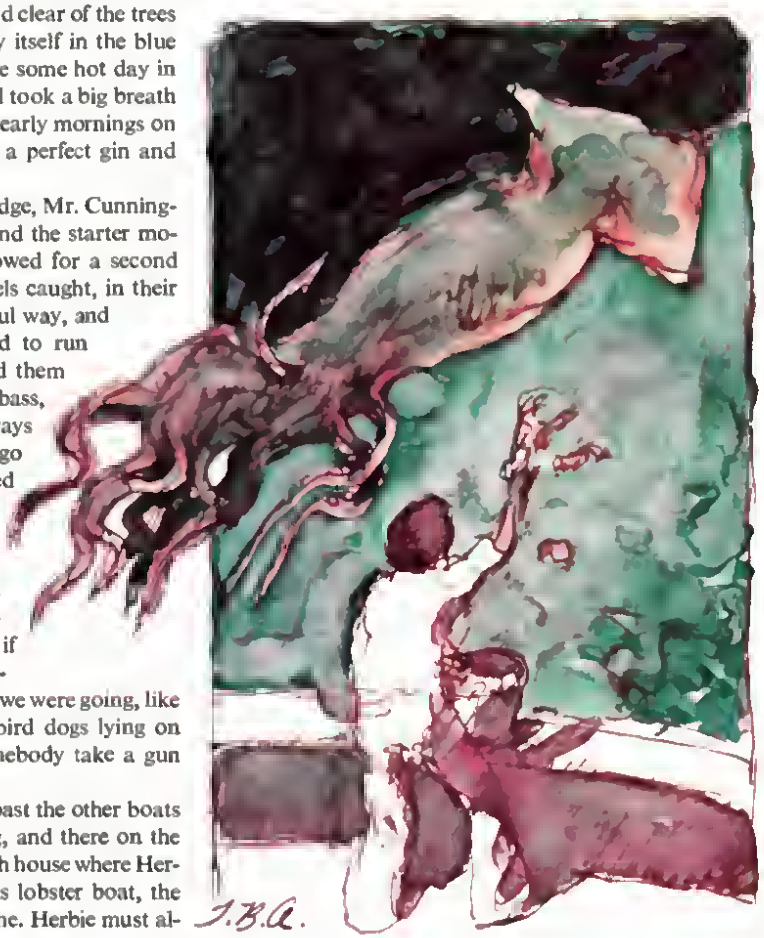
We burbled along past the other boats and the town landing, and there on the left was the big, old fish house where Herbie Lovell moored his lobster boat, the *Mayflower*. It was gone. Herbie must already be out in the bay somewhere, pulling his traps and talking to the charter boats on the radio. Later in the morning, about the time most vacationers would be getting up, he would be back home for a shot of Imperial in a jelly glass with one ice cube, and ready to tell me how all the hippies in Falmouth were on welfare.

As we went along the main channel I thought about the striped bass I had taken out of that harbor and off the Yarmouth Port Flats and how many millions more must still be there, chasing sand eels through the shallow water. I knew that the world record for striped bass was something over 70 pounds taken on 50-pound-test line, and I wondered what kind of line you would use on a fish that "commonly weighed" seven times more than the biggest striper ever caught?

Mr. Cunningham pushed the throttles up. The *Sarah*'s stern started down with the push of the engines and kept sinking until she had settled, as though she had just sunk into a comfortable chair. There was a big wave of water on either side of her bow, but no feeling of strain the way there is in some big boats when they try to move fast. But the *Sarah* rode comfortably. She went along at cruising speed as though she was out for a walk, so I sat back in an aluminum deck chair and in solitude watched the world go by me backward.

After a while, Paul came aft and went into the cabin. He came out carrying a big spool of line and sat down in another aluminum chair. "Is that the line you use?" I said. "This is it," he said. "Cape Cod Suprema 130-pound-test Dacron."

Around the Cape there are enough striped-bass fishermen to populate Bulgaria, and of those, there is maybe a village-worth who use 12-pound-test line all the time. I'm one of them. The majority of the population undoubtedly thinks there's something wrong with that village, but for us it's the sport that counts. We're not interested in hauling or hoisting, meat-fishing with 20- or 30-pound-test. I have this vision of myself: I'm Izaak Packard, The Compleat Angler. There is nothing wrong with me, because I'm after the world record for striped bass on 12-pound-test and nobody knows it. The record is 61 pounds 10 ounces, length four feet five inches, girth 30 inches and one of these days I'll get it.



"What's the record for bluefin on 12-pound?" I asked Paul.

"Thirty-three pounds, 15 ounces," he said. He was stripping line off the spool and piling it up between his feet.

That was half the size of the striped bass I was after and less than three times the test of the line. I've always held to the theory that with saltwater game fish, five or six times the test of the line is about the limit for the fish you could take. I was thinking about that as I watched Paul with the spool between his legs

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and his fingers moving along the line, repeatedly measuring off a length.

"What's the record for a game fish on that kind of line?" I said.

"Two thousand six hundred and sixty-four pounds," he said.

Of course I didn't believe him, but the 64 part bothered me the most because it was about the size of the striped bass I was after, with a ton and a quarter added on. There may be a fish that large, I thought, but nobody ever caught it on rod and reel, except after a couple of pitchers of martinis.

"How long is a fish that big?" I said.

"Sixteen feet 10 inches," he said.

"And its girth?"

"One hundred fourteen inches." That did it. Ten feet around? A third of the way to a first down long? Maybe. But 2,664 pounds? Ridiculous. "What kind of fish was that?"

"*Carcharodon carcharias*, the white shark, but we don't call it a fish." I've always sort of felt that way myself. Sharks have been around too long to be fish. They're more like dinosaurs, and in the same evolutionary class as cockroaches and horseshoe crabs. "What's the biggest real fish caught on that line?" I asked.

"Glassell's black marlin, 1,560 pounds, off Peru," he said.

"Do bluefin get that big?"

"Bluefin are bigger," he said.

"All right then. What's the record for bluefin tuna?"

"Coffin's 1,120," he said.

"But that's 400 pounds smaller than the marlin. You just said that bluefin got bigger."

"They do. A bluefin went into Provincetown Harbor 10 years ago, into the herring nets, and tore everything to pieces—the nets, the dories, half a dozen outboard motor boats. The fishermen had their shotguns out and gunned away at the fish with double-0 buckshot for 15 minutes. The harbor was full of blood by the time they finally killed it. They dragged it up on the beach, cut it up and by the time somebody heard about it and got down there to weigh it every kitchen in Provincetown had fresh tuna for a week. I've seen a picture of the carcass."

It was a good story, but if you've done much fishing you know about that sort of thing. Everything you ever heard about "fishing stories" is true. I said, "But if there's no reliable documentation, how can you be sure they get any bigger than the 1,120 you told me about?"

"There's plenty of documentation. In July 1923 the *Boston Evening Transcript* reported a bluefin that weighed 1,600 pounds. Bigelow and Schroeder got their information for *Fishes of the Gulf of Maine* from seiners and say that fish of 1,000 pounds are not uncommon."

I smiled to myself because I remembered that Mr. Cunningham had said "fish of 500 pounds" were not uncommon and I said so. Paul said, "My father was talking about bluefin caught on rod and reel."

"Well," I said, "if they get as big as you say, how come nobody's caught one? Marlin are not exactly pushovers, but the bluefin record isn't even close."

For the first time Paul looked up from the line he was working on. "Because they're too tough." Then he held the line up between two fingers. "And there's only 850 yards of this on a reel."

I'd been willing to admit the existence of the 2,664-pound white shark and the 1,560-pound black marlin, even the 1,600-pound bluefin, but the 850 yards got to me because I'd played football. If you've ever played football much you've got a problem because you've only got one distance in your head—100 yards. You go through life estimating distances by so many football fields, or halves of football fields, and if you're a quarterback you know what 10 yards is the way you know when you have to go to the men's room. So there I was, being told "only" 850 yards, "only" 8½ football fields. Most pro running backs don't gain that much in a full season. Think of it, with 30 more yards, you'd have half a mile. I wondered how long it would take a tuna to do the half mile.

"You mean a tuna will take out 850 *yards* of line?" I said.

"Sure it will. It'll hit and start to run and just keep on running if it doesn't turn, and then there's nothing left but the empty spool."

And a pretty tired drag, I thought.

The drag, or brake, on a fishing reel is what applies even pressure to the spool and makes the line harder to pull out. A drag can be adjusted so that you can work as close to the breaking strength of the line as you want.

"I'd like to see a reel that will hold 850 yards of that line," I said.

"Sure," Paul said, and he got up and went in the cabin and came back with a reel. He held it in both hands for the simple reason that you couldn't hold it in one hand. It was maybe a little smaller than the two-volume edition of *The Oxford English Dictionary*, the one that comes with a reading stand and a magnifying glass so you can use it. He offered the reel to me and I took it and set it down in my lap. "That's a 12/0 Fin-Nor with a 2½-to-1 gear ratio," he said. "Eight-hundred-and-fifty-yard capacity with 130-pound-test."

I looked at the line first. It was white with a little green and it was wound on that reel just as even and as close together as that spool of white thread my mother had at the bottom of her sewing basket, the kind you couldn't break and could use for anything. The reel itself was a conventional one, but much bigger and heavier than any I had ever held. However, for all of its brutishness, it was perhaps the best made, beautifully machined, with an action that seemed almost friction-free. It didn't look as much like a fishing reel as a gold-plated component for one of the lunar excursion modules.

I wanted to know about the braking system. There had to be some way to put tension on the line or there would be an unholy tangle in the ocean from all those tuna fish swimming around with half a mile of fishing line hanging out of their mouths. I thought about what it would be like if a whole bunch of them got together chasing a school of herring or something, and got really snarled up. It would be one of the great birds' nests of all time, maybe replacing the Sargasso Sea as a threat to shipping. Whole myths might grow up about the "Tangle," 32°05′N by 68°03′W, and it would appear on the charts.

I saved the navigators of the world by finally finding the drag, a silver lever on the right reel face. It had a little metal pointer with a gauge broken down into pounds. I moved it with my thumb and it wasn't easy to move, but it was smooth, like the volume slide on a high-fidelity amplifier. There was a small knurled knob on the top of the lever and I gave it a half turn and then twisted it back again.

"That's the vernier," Paul said. "It's so you can adjust the strike setting the way you want it. Everyone likes it dif-

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ferent and you set it with a spring scale before you start. This has a 43-pound strike setting. That's where you put the drag lever when you want to hit the fish. The maximum setting is 65 pounds."

"Will that stop a tuna?"

"No. It isn't the drag that turns the fish, it's the line. The fish is hooked in the side of the mouth and the farther he goes, the more line he's towing through the water. The resistance of the line on one side of him makes him turn, *if* he turns."

"Sometimes they don't turn?" I said. All along I had been thinking of the line snapping as the fish fought; the idea of a tuna just overpowering the drag and the line on a single straight run was so alien to my experience that it just never dawned on me.

"Sometimes they don't," he said.

"What happens then?"

"When the fish hits, the drag is set very light, and in two or three seconds the spool's turning at about 6,000 rpm. You throw in more drag, set the hook, and still the spool is turning at 6,000 rpm. The drag doesn't slow him down much, it just sets the hook. And if he doesn't turn, it takes a big fish just about a minute to strip off all 850 yards." In the time it would take the best middle-distance runners in the world to cover that distance—a minute and 44 seconds—a tuna would have already run another 440. And Mark Spitz would have been lapped six times in an Olympic pool.

Just then the *Sarah* made a sweeping turn to the right and headed toward shore. We hadn't been running too far off, and in 10 minutes we started to slow down so I could see two small buoys that marked the entrance to a narrow channel. We passed them and slowed some more until we were barely moving through the flat water into an estuary with nothing around except some broken-down houses, a rotting fishing boat half up in the weeds and a lonesome-looking finger-pier just wide enough for one person to walk out on. Somebody was standing on the end of the pier with a red plastic bucket in each hand.

Mr. Cunningham put the *Sarah* into neutral, backed her down and nosed her into the pier. The person put the two buckets on the bow and then jumped up to get aboard, but he couldn't make it. He tried again, getting one foot over the gunwhale, hung there as the *Sarah* backed off and then pulled himself aboard.

"Who's that?" I said.

"Matello Silva," Paul said.

"He isn't very big, is he?"

"He isn't very old, either," Paul said. "Matello's only 13. He's first generation Portuguese from the Azores."

Maybe they'd brought him aboard to wash dishes, but you never know, so I said, "Do they catch a lot of tuna fish in the Azores?"

"Yellowfin and bigeye," Paul said, "not bluefins. But Matello's family doesn't go after fish. They are whalers."

And then I remembered that there were still some people in the world who went for whales the old way.

"Those are the people who still use open boats, aren't they?" I said.

"They're the ones," Paul said. "Open boats, oars, hand-thrown harpoons—and eyes like a hawk's. Matello isn't much interested in fishing, but he finds them for us."

Paul went up to the bow and came back with the two buckets Matello had put aboard. Then he went into the cabin and returned with a coil of brown wire over a shoulder and a big wicker basket that looked like one in which his mother would arrange fruit. He put the wire and the basket down on the deck, ready to rig the leaders and baits. I watched him for a long time, and what he was doing was a long way from rigging a plug onto a snap-swivel or threading a worm on a hook

The coil of wire had a paper label on it that you knew had come from England and it said "Chomsford's tobacco brown, stainless steel, #15." Paul measured out 30 feet and cut it with wire cutters. The wire looked like it came from four octaves below middle C. Then he reached into the fruit basket and took out a spool of black thread and a heavy needle. The two buckets were there beside him with a piece of canvas over them. He rolled back the canvas, reached in with his hand and took out one of those things I hate.

He had a squid in his hand. The reason I hate squid is not just because they're ugly, though you've got to admit they're nothing great to look at. It's because they don't look like they belong on earth. They look like they came here in a capsule from the Crab Nebula and are waiting for their chance.

"I thought tuna ate herring," I said.

"They do," Paul said, "but they eat squid, too, and it trolls a lot better."

Paul took the squid and threaded it about halfway up the wire leader, then took his needle and sewed the squid onto the wire. He kept sewing until he had 11 squid stacked on the leader. Then he reached in the basket and pulled out a box about the size of a Modern Library Giant, opened it and took out a hook.

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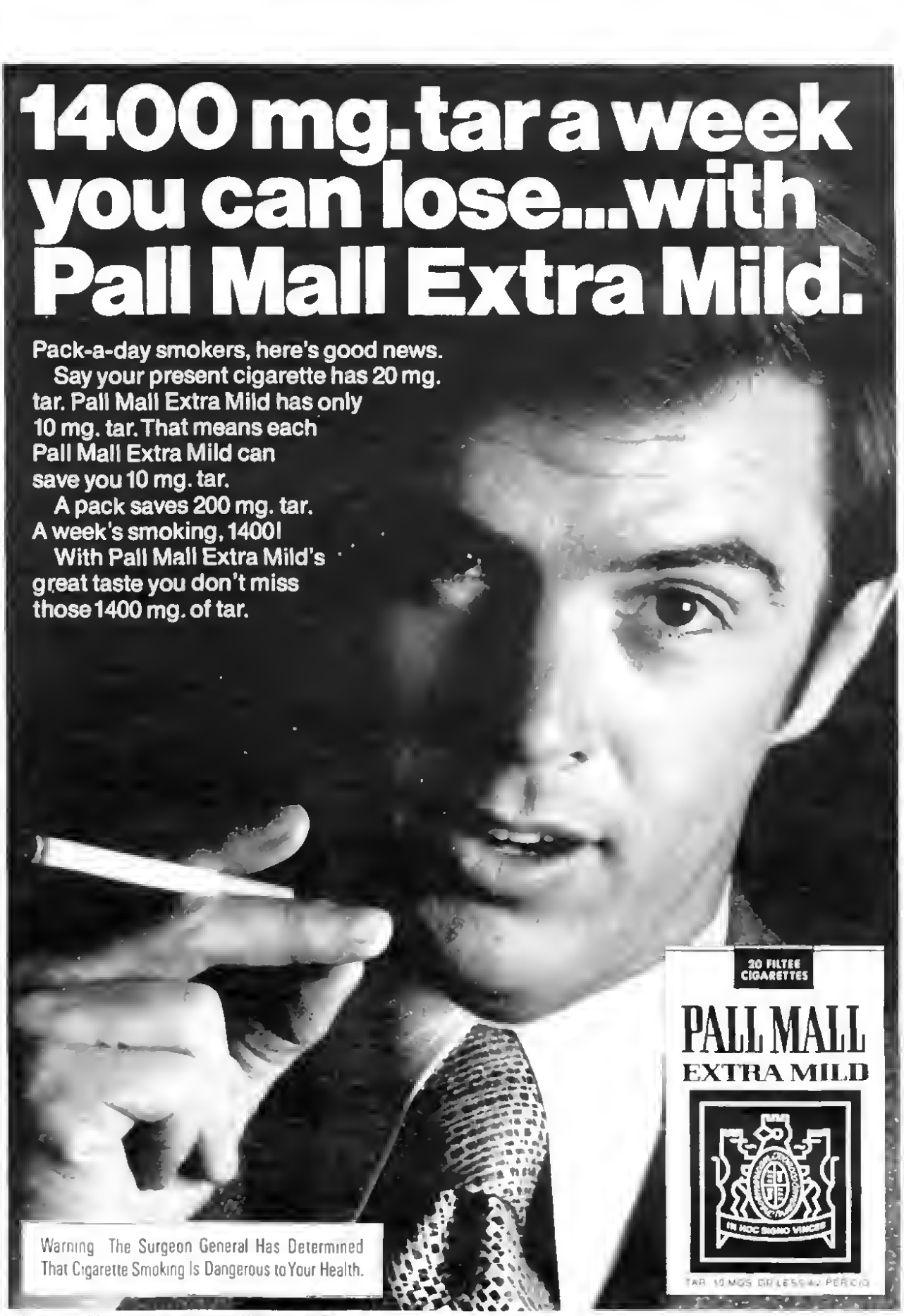

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It was dull silver, as thick as a drawing pencil and tapered a little along the shank until that lovely curve started. Then it tapered even more and the curve got tighter, as it approached a barb as vicious as any I'd ever seen, but probably six times as large. Finally there was the point. I reached over and just touched it. If a point could slice a human hair, that one would.

Paul took out two squid this time and cut the head, if that's what you call it, off one of them. He put the body of one squid over the shank of the hook and the other whole squid over the curve and the point, and sewed them together. When he was done, the bait concealing the hook looked like one squid, only a little bigger than the other 11. You couldn't see any part of the hook at all.

He fixed two more rigs just like that one. The whole afterdeck of the *Sarah* was filled with coils of wire with squid skewered on them, and on the end of each one, in a neat package of squid, was a hook as big as the ones they use to move bales of cargo on a dock.

I hadn't been paying any attention to where we were, so I stood up to take a look around; there wasn't land anywhere, only the blue ocean moving in the sun. I couldn't see Paul's father from where I was. He was handling the boat from the flying bridge, but I could see Matello up on the aluminum mast, sitting cross-legged on a square platform, looking out at the ocean.

Paul had three rods in their rod holders, one on the starboard, one on the port and one set into the gimbaled holder of the chair. He was attaching the rigged leaders to the three lines as Mrs. Cunningham came out of the main cabin.

"Would you like something to eat, Mr. Packard?" she said.

She was still in her pink silk lounging suit, only now she had the scarf over her hair like a bandanna. I felt sorry for her having to run around with a bunch of fishermen, but I was hungry and I said yes. She brought me a big plate of ham and cheese sandwiches on thin rye bread, a cold bottle of beer and some pickles. I sat with the plate in my lap and ate. I offered some to Mrs. Cunningham but she said no, she still had her cup of tea. And she was still holding it like it was Parents' Day at Andover, only now we were doing 20 knots through the beginnings of a cross sea. I munched away while Mrs. Cunningham sat there and looked out over the stern. She had one leg crossed over the other and was swinging her foot a little and I thought that those pink satin slippers looked funny there on the stern of a fishing machine with piles of squid and wire on the deck and lines looping down from the three rods in their holders.

"It's a lovely day," she said.

"Perfect," I said.

"There'll be hardly any wind at all."

I hoped there wouldn't be any wind, because when the wind comes, the sea comes later, and I thought of her down in the main cabin on one of the sofas curled up with an Agatha Christie and a cup of tea, trying to stay on the couch in a real cross sea.

The *Sarah* started to slow down and she said, "We're there." I stood up and looked around to see where "there" was, but it wasn't any different from where we'd been, just water all around as far as I could see. The *Sarah* was moving steadily through the water pushing up a little wake. Paul came over to my side of the boat.

"It's time to put the lines out," he said.

It took him a while, but he got all three rigs into the water with the outboard lines attached to the red clothespins and then pulled up to the top of the outriggers. Nothing got tangled, even with the 90 feet of piano wire, and the rigs ran along behind the *Sarah* in three perfectly parallel lines.

There were 37½ squid bouncing along on the surface of the ocean. The two outboard baits were outside and beyond the wake on top of the dark-blue water, and the one in the middle, the one attached to the rod in the fighting chair, was just beyond the peak of white water raised by our wake, about 20 yards behind the boat. The squid streamed and bubbled and foamed along, and I thought that if there were any bluefin tuna around, they'd sure know we were around, too.

"You better move that bottle of beer," Paul said.

I picked up my empty bottle of Heineken's, decided we were far enough from land and started to heave it, but Paul said, "There's a can for those inside the cabin."

I carried my bottle into the cabin and put it in a green plastic can by the door. Mrs. Cunningham was sitting in a chair looking at a magazine. She looked up at me and smiled, and I smiled back, like I'd been caught stealing, and went back on deck.

The *Sarah* started a sweeping turn just then, and I grabbed hold of the cabin door. "He's found them," Paul shouted down. I bent my head around and looked up. Matello was still sitting cross-legged on his platform, only now he had raised one arm and was pointing straight in front of us.

I could feel something start to get tight and hard in my chest as I always do when I see the birds diving over bait or a deer start out of cover, and I caught onto the ladder and climbed to the flying bridge.

Soon I was alongside Mr. Cunningham. He was standing at the wheel, looking over the bow. Twenty feet above him, Matello was still pointing straight ahead.

"Are you having a good time, Mr. Packard?" he said.

"I me," I said. "I'm having a fine time, but where are those fish I just heard about."

"They're out there, out in front of us. You just can't see them yet."

There were a pair of binoculars on a shelf and I picked them up.

"You can't see them with those, either," he said.

"What do they look like when you can seem them?" I said.

"That depends," he said. "Schools of bluefin tuna have three typical patterns. One is 'pushing,' when they move from three to eight knots in a dense group with the upper layer of fish very close to the surface. When they do that you can see the upper caudal lobes and second dorsal fins. They all swim in the same direction and push a wave of water in front of them as a motor boat does. Or there's 'milling.' That's when the school is stationary, with a few fish moving in circles or randomly and rippling the water above them. And then there's 'smashing.' That's when they're feeding and they've got a school of bait compressed. They drive the bait all over the ocean and Paul says it looks like somebody dropping refrigerators into the sea."

I stood on my toes and tried to see, but there was only ocean with an easy low

continued

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swell. We went on for 10 minutes like that and I could feel my hands start to get cold and I realized I was still holding the binoculars. I put them back on the shelf. Mr. Cunningham turned the wheel a little to the left and I looked up and saw Matello pointing to port. "You can see them now," Mr. Cunningham said. And I could see something out there, a place on the surface that looked different. "They're milling," Mr. Cunningham said. We got closer and the place on the water didn't move away. It looked like a big pot of water before it starts to boil. Then I saw a black fin come up and out of the water, roll, and go back under.

"It's a small school," he said.

"That's too bad," I said.

"No it isn't," he said. "The number of bluefins in a school varies inversely with their size."

You could see the fish now under the surface, a fin or a triangle of tail coming out once in a while. One or two were moving around and rolling so that they reflected the sun up through the dark blue water like silver megaliths. They looked too huge to be so close together, rubbing by each other.

We made a slow pass along the right side of the school, the baits skipping along behind us, but nothing happened. The tuna stayed where they were. Then we took a big wide circle to the right and got down below them, and started the second pass.

Matello came down from the flying bridge and went aft. He took a squid out of the bucket and went over to the side, waited until the fish were just at the bow, and threw the squid toward the school.

The bait went up and out into the air like it could fly, arched over, fell into the water and started to sink. Still, nothing happened. Then something did.

At the edge of the school there was a huge whorl and a sudden shoulder of water as one of the fish breached. I could see it for a second. Then it was gone and the *Sarah* kept going.

We were past the fish now, but the baits were just about even with them. Paul and Matello were looking out over the stern, and I saw Mr. Cunningham steering with one hand while looking astern. Then the baits went past, too, and it seemed as if everyone was holding his breath. Suddenly Paul brought his arm up fast and yelled, "*There*!" I looked as hard as I could into the school and couldn't see anything different. Then I looked to where Paul was pointing and I saw it.

Something was coming right up in the middle of the *Sarah*'s wake, pushing two walls of water. The tuna hit the middle bait and it was like a depth charge going off. A plume of water went straight up and there was nothing to see but water in the air and white water on the ocean as if an enormous wave had broken on a submerged boulder, and the sound came, hanging on the mist of exploded water. It was no sound I had ever heard before.

Paul grabbed the pole out of the starboard rod holder and Matello took the port one and they both started to reel like madmen. I climbed down into the stern thinking there was something I could do, but the only thing I could do was stare at the rod set in the fighting chair.

The line was going out so it was only a blur and I couldn't see the spool on the big reel at all. It had the sound of a racing engine going wide open just this side of too fast. A little more speed and it would scatter itself.

Paul and Matello were still reeling in the outboard lines and I wondered what in heaven's name you would do if more than one of those fish hit at once. No one was paying any attention to me or to the rod with the tuna on it. And then, just then, I thought—who in the hell is supposed to catch this fish? If they don't get started soon, there isn't going to be any fish to catch.

The line was still going out, and I came to the inevitable conclusion, "Hey! *I'm* supposed to catch this fish! That's why he brought me out here, to get me on the other end of a quarter of a ton of tuna fish," and I took a step toward the rod.

"Mr. Packard! Please don't touch the rod."

I turned around. Mrs. Cunningham was standing in the door to the main cabin, and she was pulling on a pair of cotton work gloves.

She walked over to the chair and sat down. Paul buckled the harness onto the reel and she spread her feet wide on the footrest. Then she threw the strike-drag, grabbed the rod with both hands up in front of the reel and hit the fish. She hit it again, and then once more, and Paul yelled, "Hooked up!"

The *Sarah* went into reverse and the water around the stern boiled as the propellers changed direction. Mrs. Cunningham came back on the rod again with everything she had.

It started to bend, and then bent down toward the transom like a bow. Mrs. Cunningham was up off the seat of the fighting chair. The fish was lifting her, and the reel was screaming with less than a hundred yards of line left on it. The line was going straight out over the stern. The *Sarah* had stopped, and was slowly gathering sternway as the line began to veer off to the left. Mr. Cunningham swung the wheel to the right and the *Sarah*'s stern came around so that the line went straight back over the transom again.

"Would you handle the chair, please, Mr. Packard?" Mrs. Cunningham said.

"What do I do?"

"Just keep it facing the fish," she said.

I moved behind her and took a hold of the chair with both hands, one on each side of her, and that's where I stayed. Whenever the fish moved to the left or to the right, I turned the chair and kept it facing the fish. The tuna had stopped its straightaway run. It was still taking line out, but moving off to the left, dragging that enormous catenary through the water.

Mrs. Cunningham lifted and lowered the rod, reeling only as she lowered it. Lift and lower. Crank like a machine. A little at a time she regained the line. After a while the angle the line made with the water looked more like it was attached to a fish, and not to the horizon. Then the rod began to bend even more and the line started to go out again, but not as before. Now it went out in jerks that looked as if they would break the rod. Every time the rod bucked, 10 more yards of line were lost, and every time Mrs. Cunningham was yanked off the seat of the fighting chair.

The fish was sounding, and the angle of the line got smaller and smaller as the *Sarah* backed toward the fish. Finally the line was straight down and still going out in jolts and jumps. The *Sarah* was dead in the water now.

Every time the fish jolted the rod I

continued

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could feel it in my back and Mrs. Cunningham took every jolt with her pink silk blouse stretching tight across her back, until finally the shocks started to come further and further apart, and then they stopped. The fish had quit sounding somewhere down there, nearly half a mile under us.

A foot, half a yard, two feet at a time she brought the fish up. Then the fish stopped again. She could not move him. She arched in the chair and the rod bowed down toward the water and she held the fish at the breaking strength of the line. She stayed that way for a long time with nothing moving except the trembling of the line. Then a foot at a time, less than one turn of the reel spool, the line on the reel built up slowly—to 100 yards, to 200, until she had a quarter of it back, and then the fish headed down again with those jolts and shocks and she lost everything she had gained.

She started in on him again, lifting, lowering and reeling. In an hour she had half of the line back. The tuna made a deep run and in five seconds took it all back. Once, later, she must have had 500 yards on the reel when something spooked the fish. It ran straight out from the boat ripping line off the reel, which screamed the way it had when the fish first hit, and I thought about what was down there. The tuna must be in the dark, running from some mindless monster of a hammerhead or mako shark, dragging a quarter of a mile of line behind it.

But the tuna stopped, and she started reeling again. The fight went on and on, until the sun was low. I was dizzy from the sun and from standing up, but Mrs. Cunningham had three-quarters of the line on the reel and the fish was coming in steadily every time she lifted the rod, lowered it and reeled.

Then Paul said, "Double line coming soon. Get him on the double line and we've got him."

Mrs. Cunningham lifted and lowered, and finally Paul shouted, "*Double line!* Just coming up." The last 30 feet of line before the leader consisted of two strands woven together, and I could see the place where the line got thicker coming up through the water. Mrs. Cunningham was still working the rod as I followed the thicker line emerging from the water and over the roller tip of the rod. Paul said, "Leader coming up," and I looked down.

Down through the water I could see where the white and green line ended and the dark wire of the leader began, and then further down in the indigo blue I could see something huge and black. There was a glint of silver as if someone had tipped a casement mirror up toward the sun, and the biggest fish I had ever seen rolled over on its side.

Paul had a pair of heavy gloves on and he grabbed the leader wire with both hands and gently brought the fish up through the last few yards of water. Matello had the gaff in his hands. It was eight feet long, nearly twice as tall as he was. He leaned over the side and held the big curved hook down as Paul guided the fish to the side of the boat.

"Gaff him!" Paul said, and Matello brought the point up hard. Half of the curved hook went into the body of the fish and the tuna never moved.

"Hold the gaff," Paul said, and I took the aluminum pole from Matello. I held the fish on the gaff and looked at him lying on his side in the water. The weight of him on the end of the gaff felt impossible to lift, and I wondered how in God's name you got a fish like that into a boat.

Matello was hanging over a corner of the stern, almost in the water, with a piece of rope in his hands.

"What's he doing?" I said.

"Putting on the tail rope," Paul said. "Once it's tight around the base of his tail the fish is caught. He can't get away."

He probably couldn't get away with his tail tied up, I thought, but he was a long way from being in the boat. Matello finished tying on the rope. He took two turns of it around the stern cleat, pulled it tight and then went into the cabin. Paul still had the leader in both hands, and I looked in back of me to see what Mrs. Cunningham was doing.

She was gone. The fighting chair was empty, the rod still sticking out of the gimbaled holder, the double line looping down to the deck.

Matello came back out of the cabin carrying a shining, stainless-steel hook with a two-foot steel handle welded to the shank. It resembled a capital T.

"What's that?" I said.

"The meat hook," Paul said. "That's how we get the fish on board. Take a strain on the gaff and lift a little."

He took the hook from Matello and I lifted on the gaff, hardly moving the fish. Paul put the sharp point of the meat hook under the tuna's jaw and came up hard. The point went in under the jaw and then out through the mouth and Paul lifted a little to make sure it was in there. The muscles on his forearms came up like thick braids, and I knew he hadn't gotten those forearms making salads.

Maybe this fish was caught, I thought. He had three different kinds of hooks in him and a rope around his tail and he wasn't going anywhere.

"How do you get him aboard?" I said.

"We lift him," Paul said, and I wondered if the sun had gotten to him. Vasili Alexeyev, the best weight lifter in the world, can lift 540 pounds over his head at a time, but this fish was a lot heavier, and besides, it was in the water.

But we lifted him. We untied the tail rope and moved the fish forward along the side of the boat until we got to a stubby wooden mast about 15 feet tall. It had ropes and pulleys all over it and Paul untied one of the ropes while we held the fish alongside.

"What do you call that?" I said.

"That's the gin pole," he said, and I thought it was getting to be just about time for some of that. "It's a double purchase rig, two sheaves in the blocks."

He tied the line that came down from the top of the pole to the metal crosspiece on the meat hook, took a strain, said, "We're ready down here," and Mr. Cunningham came down from the flying bridge.

He and Paul and I and Matello took holds on the rope and started to pull. I put everything I had into it, and I could see the other three were, too, and slowly, very slowly, like a near-even tug-of-war, we brought the fish up, and three-quarters out of the water. Then Paul grabbed the meat hook and pulled inboard as we let the line out. The huge fish balanced on the railing of the *Sarah*, then tipped and slid head down into the stern.

"It's a good fish," Paul said.

"It's a fine fish," Mr. Cunningham said.

It was one hell of a fish, and it filled the whole stern of the *Sarah*. You couldn't move anywhere without having to climb around that fish, and you

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couldn't climb over it, either. But it was aboard, and we'd caught a bluefin tuna.

"How much does a fish like that weigh?" I said.

"I can't tell until we weigh it," Paul said.

"You could guess, you've seen plenty of them."

"We never guess," he said.

I didn't find out how much the tuna weighed until we came into Provincetown Harbor and moored at the dock on which a big, square scale sat like a piece of the George Washington Bridge. But on the way back, the *Sarah* running smooth on the black water and the lights on in the main cabin, sitting on the rail drinking beer with Paul, I did find out what my end of the proposition was, why Paul wanted to take me tuna fishing. It was because of his mother.

"She's after the world's record bluefin for women," he said.

"What is the world's record?" I said.

"Anna Cardinale's 1,000-pounder, 10 feet four inches long and seven feet around."

And that's what it was about. Mrs. Sarah Cunningham, with her husband Don, her son Paul, and Matello, and the *Sarah* and the 12/0 Fin-Nor reels and the 850 yards of 130-pound-test line, was after the world's record bluefin tuna for women, and that's why the three of them went fishing every day.

The *Sarah* turned left around the curved end of Cape Cod, picked up the range lights and headed for the inner harbor of Provincetown. She went straight down the line of buoys and past the moored sailboats. MacMillan Wharf went by to starboard and in the bright lights you could see the sport-fishing dock where the scales were. Mr. Cunningham brought the *Sarah* in and we moored her. The fishermen waiting there came aboard and helped get the fish onto the dock and onto the scale.

They hooked it to a block and tackle in the middle of the scale and hoisted it until it hung under the steel crossbeam. Mrs. Cunningham was standing next to me in the stern.

"Eight hundred and fifty-six pounds," somebody called out.

"Damn!" somebody said, and Mrs. Cunningham turned and went back down into the cabin of the *Sarah*. END

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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week Aug. 4-10

ARCHERY—World champion DARRELL PACE, 18, of Reading, Ohio won the men's title for the third straight time at the national championships at Miami University in Oxford, Ohio. In the process, Pace became the first to surpass 1,300 points in a registered meet when he scored a world-record 1,316 in the FITA, a two-day event. IRENE LORENSEN, 21, of Phoenix, Ariz. won the women's division with 1,242 points, a national record. Both won the four-day overall titles. Pace set a meet record with 3,032, and Lorensen bettered last year's national record by 11 points, scoring 2,867.

PRO FOOTBALL—NFL. In exhibitions, Atlanta came from behind to score a 16–14 win over Washington on Nick Mike-Mayer's 19-yard field goal with 15 seconds to play. Earl Morrall spurred Miami to a 7–3 defeat of Cincinnati, throwing a 10-yard scoring pass to Nat Moore in the final quarter (*page 37*). The Philadelphia Eagles rallied for a 17–14 triumph to end Pittsburgh's two-season exhibition-game win streak at nine. Baltimore ended regulation play tied with Denver, but Tony Linhart's field goal 11 minutes into overtime gave the Colts a 23–20 win. The first paid event in the $163-million Superdome drew 72,434 fans, who saw New Orleans bow to Houston 13–7 (*page 20*). But Bart Starr's coaching debut was a big hit as Green Bay routed Buffalo 23–6. Los Angeles trounced the Dallas Cowboys 35–7, Kansas City fell to St. Louis 10–3, Chicago beat San Diego 22–0, the New York Jets defeated Minnesota 20–15 and the Giants beat New England 28–14. Oakland muzzled the Detroit Lions 34–0, and San Francisco ran over Cleveland 17–13.

WFL. Birmingham's Matthew Reed scampered for two TDs as the Vulcans took the toll of the Philadelphia Bell 23–17 to remain undefeated and tied with the Memphis Southmen for the Eastern Division lead after two weeks of play. With Larry Csonka, Jim Kiick and Paul Warfield each scoring a touchdown, the Southmen crept past the Charlotte Hornets 23–11. Shreveport defeated the Chicago Winds 38–18, and The Hawaiians waxed past Portland 25–24. Western leader San Antonio defeated the Southern California Sun 54–22, scoring 31 unanswered third-quarter points.

GOLF—JACK NICKLAUS won his 16th major title, carding a final-round one-over-par 71 and a four-under 276 total to defeat Bruce Crampton by two strokes in the PGA National Championship at Firestone Country Club in Akron (*page 16*).

DONNA CAPONI YOUNG of Los Angeles took the European Women's Open with a final-round 70 for a 13-under-par 283 total, defeating Sandra Palmer by two strokes at Sunningdale, England. Young, who eagled the 11th hole with a 50-foot chip in the fourth round, collected $11,000 for first place.

HARNESS RACING—NERO ($2.80). Joe O'Brien driving, burst into the lead going around the last turn and held on for a 1¼-length victory over Brett's Champ in the finals of the $111,646 Adios Pace at The Meadows in Pennsylvania. Nero covered the mile in 1 57⅗.

HORSE RACING. Jean Cruguet guided SPOUT ($32.80) to a 2¼-length upset win over favored Aunt Jin in the 1¼-mile, $81,950 Alabama Stakes at Saratoga. The 3-year-old filly was timed in 2:04.

FULL OUT ($6.40), Buck Thornburg in the saddle, won the $137,045 Sapling Stakes for 2-year-olds by half a length over Riverside Sant at Monmouth Park. The winner covered the six furlongs in 1:11⅘.

SUSAN'S GIRL ($2.80), ridden by Ray Broussard, won the $109,100 Delaware Handicap, in Stanton, Del., defeating Pass A Glance by three lengths. Her time for the 1¼-mile was 2:01⅘.

LACROSSE—NLL. Long Island remained in first, beating Boston 22–14 and Maryland 18–13. The Tomahawks' Doug Hayes scored 11 goals in the two contests. Second-place Montreal defeated Quebec 12–9 and Maryland 10–7. The third-place Philadelphia Wings also went undefeated, clipping Maryland 15–13 and Quebec 18–11. Boston and Quebec both dropped two games and won one while cellar dweller Maryland lost all four of its games.

MOTOR SPORTS—MARK DONOHUE, at the wheel of a Porsche 917-30, shattered the world closed-course speed record by blazing around the 2.66-mile Alabama International Motor Speedway tri-oval in Talladega at 221.160 mph. The previous record of 217.854 mph was set by A. J. Foyt in a Coyote-Foyt at the same track last year.

SOCCER—NASL. Boston stopped the Hartford Bicentennials 3–0 to clinch a second-straight Northern Division title. Second-place Toronto joined Miami as *wild-card representatives for the Eastern* and Northern Divisions. The Portland Timbers won the Western title when the Seattle Sounders scored only one goal in their win over San Antonio, losing any chance at catching Portland. The Sounders clinched one of the two wild-card spots in the Western-Central Division region. The last wild-card went to the defending champion Los Angeles Aztecs, who edged out the Chicago Sting by one point. Miami's Steven David, who scored 23 goals and six assists, was named the league's Most Valuable Player. Rookie of the Year honors went to Midfielder-Forward Chris Bahr of Philadelphia, and St. Louis' John Sewell was selected Coach of the Year.

ASL. Rhode Island's Mohammed Attiah scored his 12th goal of the season as the Oceaneers defeated Connecticut 3–2 to stay atop the Northern Division by five points. Edner Breiton's two goals and an assist earned the New York Apollos a 3–3 tie with Boston. New York led the New Jersey Brewers by eight points in the East at week's end. Cleveland held a two-point edge over Cincinnati and Chicago in the Midwestern.

SWIMMING—Hometown hero ANDY COAN swam the 100-meter freestyle in a world-record 51.11 at an AAU regional meet in Fort Lauderdale, Fla. His time was .01 faster than the record set by Jim Montgomery two months ago.

TENNIS—JIMMY CONNORS crushed Ken Rosewall 6–2, 6–2 in the finals of the $100,000 Volvo International in North Conway, N.H. (*page 221*).

CHRIS EVERT took her fourth consecutive U.S. Clay Court championship and won $10,000—handily defeating Dianne Fromholtz of Australia 6–3, 6–4 in Indianapolis.

TRACK & FIELD—East Germany's MARIANNE ADAM set a world record in the women's shotput with a heave of 70-10½" in East Berlin. The record of 70-9¼" was held by Helena Fibingerova of Czechoslovakia.

VOLLEYBALL. IVA Player-owner Wilt Chamberlain played his home debut, but was crossed by the Los Angeles Stars, who defeated his Southern California Rangers 12–2, 12–1, 12–9. Chamberlain made his presence known with 16 kills, the Stars' Jon Stanley countered with 26. The Stars pulled into a first-place tie with San Diego when they beat Santa Barbara 12–10, 12–6, 6–12, 12–10 for their 14th straight win. The Breakers attracted the league's biggest crowd, 5,759 at home, as they put away Santa Barbara 10–12, 12–6, 12–6, 12–3. El Paso-Juarez lost to the Rangers and San Diego.

Neither the U.S. men's nor women's amateur teams qualified for the Montreal Olympics, as Cuba defeated the U.S. in the regional qualifying rounds held in Los Angeles. The Cuban men won 15–5, 15–7, 15–6, and the Cuban women, 15–7, 15–8, 15–8.

MILEPOSTS—FIRED. YOGI BERRA, 50, after 3½ seasons as manager of the New York Mets. First-base Coach ROY McMILLAN, 46, was named interim manager.

DIED. JACK MOLINAS, 43, an All-Ivy basketball player at Columbia in 1953 and the first-round pick of the NBA Fort Wayne Pistons, who was imprisoned in 1963 for "fixing" college basketball games, of a gunshot wound, in Hollywood, Calif.

CREDITS

17—James Drake. 18, 19—John Iacono (4). Antoine F. Lounge 40, 41—John G. Zimmerman. 49—Dick Raphael. 60, 62—Carl Iwasaki. 84—Michael J. Zeramby-Cleveland Plain Dealer, Don Tullous-Oklahoma Publishing Co., Jim Stratford-Greensboro Daily News, Corene Goebel.

FACES IN THE CROWD

EO PREISLER, a 64-year-old Cleveland businessman, shot a 54-hole score of 222 to win the Sixth Annual Stroke Play Golf Championship in Edinboro, Pa. Preisler, the defending titleholder, won over a field of 125 players from nine states.

JEFF ROBERTS, 11, of Lake Havasu City, Ariz., led his Little League team to its third straight regional title. In 20 games he batted .803, hit 12 home runs, knocked in 54 runs and had an 8-0 record as a pitcher, including two no-hitters, one of which was a perfect game.

LEE ROY SMITH, 17, of Del City, Okla., added the national U.S. Wrestling Federation 132-pound junior title to a list of championships that includes the national AAU freestyle. He was 5-0 in Bulgaria during an Oklahoma all-star high school tour.

ANN RAUGH, 10, of Hickory, N.C., set six state age-group swim records at the Eastern Invitational in Greensboro: 100 backstroke (1:22.9), 100 free (1:11.2), 100 breaststroke (1:31), 100 fly (1:20.2), 200 free (2:36.6), 200 IM (2:50.1).

KATHLEEN COSTELLO, 17, of Lafayette, Calif., set national high school girls' records in the mile (4:53.5) and half-mile (2:09.2) at the state championships in San Diego. In a boys' dual meet she had previously recorded unofficial times of 4:51.1 and 2:08.9.

ROBERT PAXTON, a senior at Trinity University, hit a record 549 targets out of 550 in winning the high overall title at the National Skeet Shooting Association World Championships in San Antonio. He fired perfect scores in the .410-, 20- and 12-gauge events.

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BRITISH LEYLAND

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

Edited by GAY FLOOD

THE REDS' STREAK

Sir:

I have been a Cincinnati Reds' fan for many years and I can't remember a team as exciting as this one (*Cincy Doesn't Kid Around*, Aug. 4). Power, speed, defense and excellent pitching, from starters to relievers, have given the Reds the best won-lost record in the majors. Now, after the Reds' May-July streak, we Cincinnati fans anxiously await the playoffs and the World Series. The Big Red Machine is in high gear.

KENNETH SMITH

Cincinnati

Sir:

Kent Hannon's article on the Reds is a fine piece of research, except for one slight inaccuracy. The Reds' record of 41-9 does not equal the best 50-game record, as far as I can establish. If I remember correctly, the 1906 Cubs won 44 of their last 50 games. The Cubs' hitting and pitching statistics may not have been as devastating as the Reds' but they did manage to do something right.

BILL MINEA

Rockford, Ill.

Sir:

Kent Hannon handed out accolades for previous hot streaks, but he did not list the 1942 Cardinals, who won 43 of their last 52 games to overcome a 10-game Brooklyn lead. They spotted the "invincible" Yankees the first game in the World Series, then took the next four, running their end-of-the-season streak to 47-10. Now *that* was a baseball team.

JOHN E. HEARZOG

Pittsburgh

• SI's comparisons were made on the basis of a 50-game period, but the 1942 Cardinals still deserve credit—they won 42 of their last 50 games.—ED.

PHILLIE STAR

Sir:

It's time someone recognized the talents of Greg Luzinski (*He's in a Zone All His Own*, Aug. 4). If he keeps on getting publicity, maybe he'll start in the All-Star Game next year. He should have started this year. He's a superstar.

And don't think the NL East race is over. Danny Ozark's men will prevail when the dust settles and the Battle of Pennsylvania is over.

LARRY WEAVER

Middleburg, Pa.

Sir:

Jack Mann's article on Greg Luzinski may bring in a flood of letters from Phillie fans. They'll probably say something like "Greg Luzinski is no one to fool with. Neither are his teammates, and the Pirates know it." And they have reason to say so.

Still, the Bucs have no need to be scared of the Phillies, if they believe in tradition. Along with the Yankees, Red Sox and Dodgers, the Phillies will choke. Los Angeles already has. Even under Fireball Billy Martin the Bronx Bombers will end up duds. Forget the Red Sox: they have won only two pennants since 1918. Big Greg, Big Mike and Big Dick might smack 100 more homers for the Phillies, but Cincinnati, Pittsburgh, Oakland and Baltimore will win.

JAMES LEE LAREGINA

Clark, N.J.

Sir:

Greg Luzinski has hit only three homers since the All-Star Game, but in the first 15 games after the All-Star break, Reggie Jackson hit eight homers, knocked in 21 runs and raised his average from .247 to .271. Jackson has the same number of home runs as Luzinski and is rapidly approaching him in RBIs.

DAVID KUBE

Orange, Va.

Sir:

It has been said that one picture is worth a thousand words. I didn't believe it until I saw the one of Greg Luzinski.

BETH WITTE

Erieville, N.Y.

BOOG'S BATTING AVERAGE

Sir:

As I recall, in your April 7 scouting report on the Cleveland Indians you said it would be nice if Boog Powell could manage to hit better than his weight (250). Well, he was hitting .301 as of Aug. 1, with 16 home runs and 52 RBIs. I just thought I'd let you know.

MARC ZATORSKY

North Lauderdale, Fla.

CALIFORNIA'S GAME

Sir:

Another fine attempt has been made to figure out us Southern Californians and the games we play (*They've Stepped Way Over the Line*, Aug. 4). Curry Kirkpatrick wrote a warm and thought-provoking article on the game of Over the Line and its resulting insanity. But at least he pointed out how serious the teams are. It is not a joke to those who come from all over the country to compete in this invigorating tournament.

RICHARD A. HOFF

Escondido, Calif.

Sir:

Royal Clarke, Mr. Over the Line at the ripe old age of 40, is given credit as a co-inventor, whereas he should be called a resurrector of the game. I was introduced to Over the Line and Hit Through the Infield on the playground of Horace Mann Jr. High School (Los Angeles) in the summer of 1932. My arithmetic says this was three years before Mr. Clarke was born. The numerous ball-playing alumni of Horace Mann who got their start in the game some 20 years before Mr. Clarke's "invention" must shudder at the total absence of this fact.

Miss Emerson was nice, though.

JACK E. SMITH

Sacramento

Sir:

In Los Angeles during the 1930s, Over the Line was our mainstay throughout the summer. Royal Clarke apparently eliminated the baserunning. In my era the batter got as many bases as he could reach before the fielding team returned the ball over the line.

The elimination of running is a doubtful improvement, but the addition of Miss Emerson is a grand slam.

R. W. HEGGLAND

Houston

OKLAHOMA STRAYS

Sir:

How can you lose two elephants, especially in Oklahoma (*The Great American Elephant Hunt*, Aug. 4)? We Okies know that our state is not all flat prairie land. Around Hugo some areas are so thick they make the jungles of Africa look like the cornfields of Nebraska. That is the reason the elephants eluded searchers for nearly three weeks. Jeannette Bruce did a terrific job of describing this unique occurrence. Isa and Lilly were finally captured (SCORECARD, Aug. 11), but those who searched so long must remember the area for its thickets.

GREG DOANE

Stigler, Okla.

Address editorial mail to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, TIME & LIFE Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.

"Capitán. It's my idea of what great looks ought to taste like."

John Weitz

I'm John Weitz. The men's fashion designer.

I don't know too much about actually making a cigar.

But I sure know how I want one to taste. I've smoked enough of them in the last 20 years.

So when the Tueros people came to me to talk about styling their new cigar, Capitán, I said: What it looks like is important. What it tastes like is even more important.

Well, let me tell you Capitán has the taste. For me. And for a lot of my friends who've had the chance to try them.

The tobacco experts tell me the reason is the Capitán combination of mild imported filler tobaccos and a rich tasting African Cameroon wrapper.

The Capitán taste doesn't take any getting used to. You can like it from the first puff.

I thought a cigar like this ought to be handled differently from the usual cigar.

First of all because a man of style today is interested in his total look. So we started with the shapes. We decided on just four. They're all trim and youthful. Your face looks good in them.

Then we got to the packaging. I tried to design the 5-pack like a personal cigar case, not a billboard. The band is simple, with the handsome symbol of a mariner's compass.

The box of 25 is something you'd feel comfortable about keeping on your desk top. And the color is an elegant maroon.

Capitán is at cigar counters now. I hope you try a pack. Chances are your taste is going to like our taste.

No. 7 actual size

Capitán

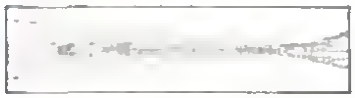
You never looked so good in a cigar in your life.

Make sure your next color TV has more than one prefocus lens.

The Quintrix™ picture tube with the extra prefocus lens gives you our sharpest picture ever. And no other picture tube has it.

Every picture tube has one prefocus lens. But the Panasonic Quintrix tube has *two*. Our extra prefocus lens concentrates and focuses the electron beam to bring you our sharpest picture ever.

Simulated beam current in Quintrix
Notice the sharpness of the electron beam



Simulated beam current in our conventional tube. Notice the diffusion

But we didn't stop with Quintrix. There's also the Panasonic Quatrecolor® chassis. It's a powerful 28.5 kv chassis to help bring you our brightest picture ever. Modular circuit boards snap out and in for quick and easy service. 100% solid state for greater reliability and less power consumption. And Q-Lock™, one button that electronically controls color, tint, brightness and contrast to make tuning as easy as pushing a button.

Quatrecolor offers one more important advantage: our warranty. Because while many other TV manufacturers are cutting back on their warranties, every Quatrecolor set still gives you a one-year guarantee on parts and labor. And a 2-year parts and 1-year labor warranty on the picture tube. Our warranty card spells out the conditions of our limited warranty.

So make sure your next color TV is "The Quatrecolor with the Quintrix." It's our sharpest, brightest picture ever.

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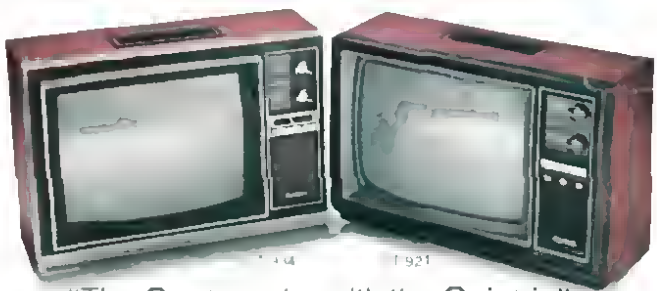

"The Quatrecolor with the Quintrix"

Panasonic.
just slightly ahead of our time.